



No. 184.—VOL. XV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



DREAMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

On the morning of July 28, 1896, I made my first appearance in Battersea Park. This autobiographical minuteness may seem extravagant; but people don't know what egoism is till they take to the bicycle. Coming out as a cyclist at Battersea is like being presented at Court. You have all the emotions of the *débutante*, though it is not your train that troubles you, but your front wheel. I must say that the ceremony of my appearance lacked one important circumstance. When the front wheel wobbled gracefully, there was no commanding presence to receive this perilous salutation. I take it very ill that John Burns was not there. The daily affairs of Battersea, an accident, a fight, a popular demonstration, are supposed to be under his personal supervision; yet, when I presented myself on a bicycle, he was absent. Was this the reason why a thoughtless infant strayed across my path and nearly met its death? In an instant I saw what this catastrophe would mean for John Burns. Had that budding constituent been cut off by my front wheel, the member for Battersea would never have held up his head again. To think that he, the benevolent genius of the spot, was not at hand to save a tender offshoot of democracy! It would have broken his heart. So I avoided the toddling intruder by a hair's breadth, and spared Honest John his peace of mind. Who shall say this was not a noble revenge?

There were some painful manifestations of egoism that morning. Nothing is so distressing to a novice as the airs of the cyclist who makes his steed curvet and caracole, turns sharply to the right—O that turn to the right, ideal of my sleepless musings!—and who rides without touching the handles. There is a sickening ostentation in all this, when you are clutching the handles with terror, afraid to look out of the corner of an eye lest that should upset the balance! I recall with particular aversion a tall young man, immaculately dressed, as they say in women's novels, and shooting past me with his hands clasped behind him. Justifiable resentment made me lose a pedal, and unspoken maledictions pursued him. Is it envy or the critical habit of mind which makes me suspect these heroes of the track? When I was very young, I declined to believe that the spangled equestrian in the circus, who bounded from the sawdust to the hind-quarter of the barebacked steed, was unaided by some trickery. How did he manage to stick on that shiny slope at such an angle? Clearly some adhesive substance was rubbed on that part of the animal; or the horse was fed with something which caused a kind of equine gum to ooze from its coat. I am just as sceptical about the expert cyclist who never falls; and I dare say that, if the truth were known, the showy young man with his hands behind him uses some unsportsmanlike apparatus which I should repel with scorn.

A similar idea inhabits the minds of many contributors when they ponder the delinquencies of editors. An editor is an acrobat who, by some hocus-pocus, sticks on the barebacked journal, while contributors fall off and roll in the sawdust. I have read two entertaining articles on this subject in the *National Review*. First, a contributor indicted the race of editors as men distinguished, for the most part, by crooked ways and hearts of stone. They take a malignant pleasure in leading the innocent contributor to believe himself indispensable, and then, with disgusting caprice, they drop him. His civil letters remain unanswered; his incomparable manuscript, which he so trustfully cast upon the waters, returns to him after many days, but without any nourishment. This month an editor retorts in kind with no lack of directness. Civil letters, forsooth! Why should they be answered any more than the circulars of tradesmen who offer the editor commodities which he does not want? Rejected manuscripts, quotha! Why should they be returned by the next post? Nobody asked for them; very often they are without names and addresses; this editor confesses without remorse that he still has heaps of them in his cupboard. Why should he tolerate contributors who invade his office and bore him to death when he is busy? Nothing can chasten their "incredible vanity," of which omnipresent quality he chooses an example from the article of the injured scribe who preceded him in this agreeable controversy.

I wonder whether these bickerings have any interest for the public. When the citizen reads his favourite journal, does he trouble to speculate about heartburnings between the lines, vendettas behind the smooth

type? Does a quarrel in the leather trade make him hasten to his bootmaker, to sympathise, if need be, and console? What would the distracted editor say if a caller were to state his business thus: "My dear sir, I have lately heard that there is a painful misunderstanding between editors and contributors. I have been a subscriber for many years to your excellent journal, and my heart bleeds to think that you may be on unfriendly terms with the men and women of genius who illuminate your pages. If a sympathetic and independent arbitrator can heal this lamentable breach, pray command my services"? Would the editor eye the door with fierce intentness, while inarticulate gutturals gurgled in his throat?

You see, the appalling effect of this intervention might be to turn the disinterested intervener into a feverish contributor. There is nothing so infectious as the atmosphere of journalism. If you were to call on your bootmaker to express your sorrow at a strike in his trade, you would feel no irresistible impulse to set about boot-making there and then; but I have seen casual visitors to a newspaper office absorbing the microbe visibly. They have fallen into a delirium at the sight of a proof. I remember a blameless gentleman, who belonged to one of the learned professions, and who came to see me at nocturnal hours because his wife had caught the fever, and he waited for her while she produced her tale of "copy." The poor man used to twirl a pen in an agitated way, and eye the printer's devils as if they were something to eat. I could see that he was taking the complaint badly, and I began to tremble at the prospect of more manuscripts in brown-paper covers. Brown paper to an editor, I may remark, is like a red rag to a bull. After a time, my acquaintance came no more, and the inroad of brown paper was not perceptibly increased. Perhaps he stayed at home, and fought the distemper down. Perhaps he is at some health resort, taking a water cure. If a genius of a physician can prescribe some effective drug for this disease of *contributoritis*, he will earn the gratitude of editors, though whether that will compensate him for a widespread obloquy among contributors I do not know.

So many people scribble in these literary times that the drug might cause convulsions in respectable homes. We might have an agitation to make the administering of this remedy by an unsympathetic husband to a soulful wife a ground of divorce. What a pretty complication for Sir Francis Jeune! A trusting dame awakes one morning, drinks the early cup of tea which her designing husband has prepared, and, when she sits down to the customary bout of foolscap before luncheon, finds that all desire for prose composition has left her. Reckless excursions into the subjunctive mood do not tempt her; the taste for paving sentences with the adverb "only," which sticks up like a cobble-stone in the wrong place, has gone, never to return. Shall the poor lady have no redress? If this is not cruelty, what is the good of legal definitions? Besides, this terrible drug might be equally desolating in its effects upon young women who want to act. It might be administered not only by unimaginative parents and guardians, but by rivals. The poison might be distilled into insidious bouquets, and, after inhaling the treacherous flowers, our young Adrienne Lecouvreaux might suddenly be blighted before the eyes of the audience, becoming, in a single moment, no better than stammering governesses.

It is a horrible fantasy, and beads of perspiration trickle off my brow as I write. The only comfort is the thought that, if science should ever attain this inhuman development, there will be a special prescription for editors. To beguile one of the tyrants into a Bodega, to lull his senses with flattery, and slip into his glass of port a small tablet of such potency that two hours later he would be reft of his editorial faculty, and reduced to the state of a drivelling contributor—that were a plot worthy of the modern novelist. Or the editorial Samson might be invited to dinner, and drugged by Delilah into the belief that he is an inspired writer of minor verse. Here's a scenario for a dramatist! I am inclined to think, however, that it is best to leave an editor to the natural stings of remorse. Do you suppose that his bedside is never visited by phantoms who remind him of unanswered letters and rejected articles, of cruelty to the rhymers and brutality to the grammarless? Is he not haunted by eyes once beseeching, and now flaming ministers of poetical justice? Does he not remember how a pleading journalist once said, "Forget that you are an editor, and be a man," and how he remained an editor? Have I not been through these torments? And now—an editor no more—do I not enjoy the afterglow of expiation, and perceive that the contributor is the only being with an enfranchised bosom and an allegiance clear?

A CHAT WITH MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

Handsome and honest John Hollingshead, journalist, essayist, archæologist, critic, and dramatic manager, has been so long associated with us in artistic and literary circles as to need no prefatory remarks.

It was at a West-End club that I drifted into conversation with him touching things theatrical (writes a *Sketch* representative).

"Looking back on the fifty years that you have been in touch with the drama, Mr. Hollingshead, you doubtless note a great change in its aspect as viewed to-day?" I remarked.

"Not at all. The drama never changes. It couldn't and wouldn't change. Just the same conditions obtain to-day as did a hundred years ago. There has been no advance, and equally there has been no retrogression. What is fashionable one day is declared vicious the next, and *vice versa*. And let me correct you on the point of my recollections, which carry me back fully sixty years, when I was a boy of eight," he replied, smiling.

"Is that so? But surely the variety element which obtains in some of our theatres is an innovation?"

"Certainly not. Years ago there were variety shows at the Patent Theatres. We often had a comic song during the interlude or intermezzo, whichever you like to call it. Alfred Wigan used to give a comic song between the acts at the Lyceum, which was then the English Opera House, and Ramo-Samee, the Indian juggler and sword-swallower, was specially and similarly engaged, only to give two examples."

"Nor is the problem-play a novelty, I suppose?"

"Of course not. Does not the hardy annual of 'The Stranger' supply you with a prototype of several of our modern dramas?"

"Well, what is your opinion of Ibsen?" was my next question.

"I scarcely feel myself in a position to express an opinion, as I have only seen 'The Doll's House.' It interested me, and it was reflective of human nature, but rather mean human nature it seemed to me. Like Maeterlinck, I don't think Ibsen exercises much influence on our writers of to-day. The work of these foreigners has the merit of being decided, which Mr. Pinero's 'Benefit of the Doubt' has not. There is in it too much suggestion of indecision, reminding one of a woman putting her foot into the bath and taking it out again because the water is cold. Then there is too much narrative in the first part. The stage is the place for action, not for description of what has taken place off it, although, I dare say, you will quote Macbeth against me. What I mean is, that in drama there must be no suspicion of lecture at all."

"How do you account for the phenomenally long runs we are now having?" I then asked Mr. Hollingshead.

"The reason is obvious enough. The facilities of locomotion bring such crowds to London that if every theatre, music-hall, and concert-room were filled there would still be thousands left out in the cold any night you please. There is only seating accommodation for 200,000 persons in London, you must bear in mind. Now, when you consider the number of strangers nightly in London, let alone the five millions of regular residents, you can easily understand that long runs are a necessity. I think, as regards the actor, they are most pernicious. They bring him plenty of beef and pudding, it is true, but they also tend to set up mental paralysis. Why, forty or fifty years ago, in the days of the stock companies, the bill would be changed once or twice a week. Every actor had to have a repertory of a dozen plays at least, and was expected to live within a mile of the theatre, so that a messenger might find him quickly, telling him, for instance, that 'The School for Scandal' would be put on on the following night. Nowadays no manager would dream of bringing out a revival of 'The Road to Ruin,' for example, under six weeks; and why? Because the play would be absolutely unknown to most of the company. The actor should, like the operatic artist, have a long repertory at his fingers' ends."

"Yet the salaries are far greater now?"

"Yes, indeed. Mrs. Siddons got only ten pounds a-week, while Miss Winifred Emery, for instance, receives forty. It is the result of the competition between managers with a limited supply of first-class artists. At one time the circuit represented perhaps six towns.

Nowadays it comprises the whole globe, diminishing the number of available artists enormously; while the multiplication of theatres must also be taken into account."

"Do you think the old burlesque, which was such a feature of your eighteen years' management of the Gaiety, will revive?"

"Why not? No form of dramatic entertainment ever dies. It revolves in a cycle, that is all. You may remember that Samuel Coleridge thought, as civilisation advanced, tragedy would go out; but we have only to go to the Lyceum or to the Lyric to disprove his prophecy. No, I am not in favour of religious plays. A play should rather turn on the human passions. Religion is a bad subject for drama. Sardou's one religious play was a failure for the reason that the chief character represented an Agnostic."

"A successful play seems nowadays to prove a veritable gold-mine?"

"Quite so. Setting aside 'Tom and Jerry,' the 'Colleen Bawn,' and a few others, I suppose the first of this order was 'Our Boys.' The real reason is that the working expenses are so trivial, and the initial expenses of putting such plays on the stage are so insignificant, while the company is made up of not more than eight persons, perhaps, the salaries sometimes not exceeding what Sir Henry Irving pays for his band alone. With such pieces, if you were to play to a thirty-pound house there would still be a profit; and you must remember that the travelling companies will certainly balance any deficit in the London house, just as the branches of, say, the Spiers and Pond Company, may pay for any loss at headquarters. It is these inexpensive plays, not the Savoy and suchlike elaborate productions, which bring in fortunes."

"I suppose dancing has more prominence on the boards now than formerly?"

"No, I don't think so. Dancing has always been popular. Flexmore and Wieland were great favourites in the old Adelphi days. Then you may remember that Madame Céleste, and even Benjamin Webster, 'took the floor.'"

"It has been remarked, I believe, that there have not been many theatres built of late?"

"And why? Because there are so few suitable sites to be obtained. I could let six theatres to-morrow if there were so many vacant. It was for want of a suitable house that Sarah Bernhardt declined at first to come here this season, and yet she wanted a theatre for only a fortnight."

"I must ask you your views as regards the censorship of plays?"

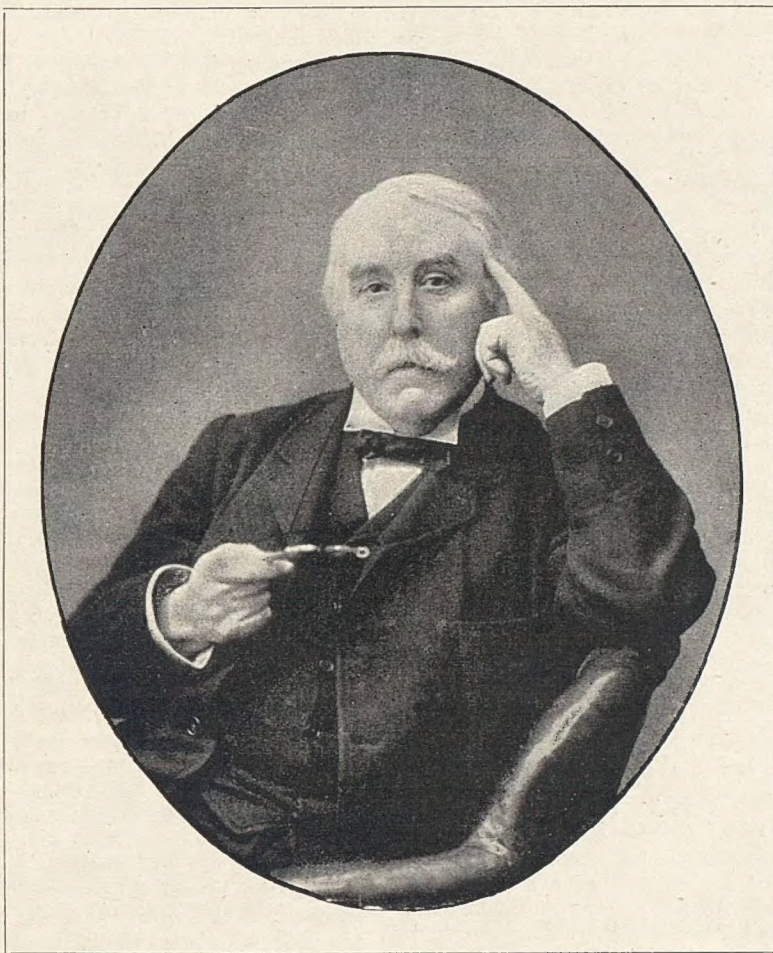
"Well, I am variously called a Benthamite Radical and a Conservative Anarchist. I deserve the former designation, I suppose, because I hold that the first function of a Government is to stand out of the way of the people. Let me do my work in my own way, and don't attempt to regulate me unless I commit a gross indecency. Public opinion is quite

as moral as is State censorship, while the latter is no more potent than the fly on the chariot-wheel. Censorship will never be in advance of public morality. What is the use of a Censor? Take the Press, for instance. The newspapers of to-day, with very few exceptions, do not offend in matters of good taste. Besides, what can be more anomalous than the relative position as regards censorship between the drama and the Press? I may write without restraint an article which will be read by a million readers in, say, *Lloyd's* penny weekly, but I must not play to a few hundred persons in a theatre without State permission, although I may disseminate the most pernicious doctrine from a platform."

"You said just now that you were a Conservative Anarchist?"

"Well, I'm called so because of my love of old books and old things generally, while I'm a regular iconoclast as regards territorial restrictions which interfere with the liberty of the subject, such as the late gates and bars in the Bloomsbury district, and the abuses connected with the Mud-Salad Market in Covent Garden. Then the tyranny of the Government in respect to the licensing system I have persistently fought with my pen until I am perfectly sick. Yes, I rejoice exceedingly that Mrs. Ormiston Chant did not succeed for long in hampering our social liberty. The Nonconformist conscience is not only narrow-minded, but most inconsistent. For instance, I remember, while one of the most prominent representatives of that body was waging war against the ballet and the theatre, his firm was supplying us all the time with pink 'tights' by the thousand."

On Mr. Hollingshead alluding to such topics, I thought it was about time for me to effect a discreet retreat.



MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

"LOVE ON CRUTCHES," AT THE COMEDY.

The title has a pleasant turn of humour, and it is a pity that one cannot detect any exact relation between it and the play. However, the play is pleasurable, and rather irritating. Personally, I have a strong bias in favour of a unity that is perhaps not Aristotelian—unity of style. Farce I like; comedy I delight in; farcical comedy amuses me; but a play composed partly of farce and partly of comedy is not to my taste. Now, Mr. Daly rarely attempts a blend; without any warning he will take you from one commodity to another, and so suddenly that one is always looking for farce in the comedy, and *vice versa*.

I do not pretend to say that the work of which Herr Heinrich Stobitzer is the author—the name sounds manufactured—did not amuse me. No doubt the Teuto-American handling of the compromising letters does not show the skill of Sardou in the play, the central idea of which came from America—from the Edgar Poe so greatly admired by Baudelaire and his school. Yet, certainly there is plenty of fun in the efforts of the characters to get at the letters, and the close of the second act is ingenious.

I suppose there is some untruth in the phrase that you cannot have too much of a good thing—or rather, the phrase has a fraudulent catch, and justifies itself by hinting that "good" and "bad" are relative terms, and when you are approaching the stage of too much the thing ceases to be good. Certainly, Miss Ada Rehan is a good thing—I hope she will pardon the "thing"—but I begin to wonder whether one cannot have a little too much of her in such parts as that of Annis. I am not complaining because she hardly succeeded in seeming a school-girl—that did not matter in the least—but that, as the result of playing parts which differ from one another in little more than name, she is coming to a monotony of manner. She seems to make no effort to distinguish between one and the other, and she shows a tendency to seize too eagerly any chance of an effective scene. The charm and skill of the scene between her and her husband at the beginning of the third act cannot be disputed; but, in her anxiety to give weight and value to it, Miss Rehan appeared to overact somewhat and to play slowly.

To me it appears almost a heresy to find fault with the work of such a brilliant actress; yet I cannot help expressing the opinion that her acting is beginning to grow mechanical and heavy, simply because she does not get a fair chance of utilising her splendid gifts. Mr. Richman, I am glad to say, seems to be a better actor than one supposed at first, and probably everyone feared that the fatuous manner he showed in "Countess Gucki" was natural; but he has now proved that it was assumed, and very cleverly. He is apparently not an actor of great experience; he certainly is of great promise. Miss Sybil Carlisle is so charming that it was a pleasure to see her again and find she has made some progress. Mr. Daly is fortunate to have in his company two comedians who work together so admirably as Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis. They are rarely on the stage without causing merriment, yet they are never or rarely at all out of the picture. No doubt "The Countess Gucki" and "Love on Crutches" are somewhat disappointing, and it is hard to think of such a company crossing the ocean for so humble a task. Nevertheless, one must admit that they have given us two pleasant evenings.

"THE TELEPHONE-GIRL."

"The Telephone-Girl" is the name of the latest musical comedy, and it was presented for the first time to Londoners last week at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell. The success of the genus nowadays relies upon the young woman in business. Long ago she did nothing but make love, but now she makes a name and a salary for herself, and comes into such close contact with the world that her point of view seems fraught with infinite opportunities for the librettist. Now, the telephone-girl has the peculiar privilege of knowing the under-currents of life, for at every point she "has just had a wire to say so." Thus it was that Lottie Myrtle heard her lover, Dick Wimple, making an appointment with Belle Bell, a music-hall goddess. Lottie got mad, and insinuated herself into Belle Bell's gorgeous flat, on the pretext of wishing to become a maid. Belle Bell really came from Cornwall, and when her uncle and aunt, the Pilchards, a couple of pre-Adamite descent, came to see her (still thinking her Sir George Jellaby's housemaid), she changed places with Lottie and left the telephone-girl installed as queen of the flat. In due course Mr. Richard Wimple came to pay his attentions to Belle and found Lottie. Then a Russian Prince came to see Belle and saw Lottie, and altogether life in that flat for some hours was one of the most exciting things you could imagine. There is a great deal of humour in the story—which has a French origin—and it is fairly well worked out by its English adapters, who include the late Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. F. C. Burnand. Mr. James Glover has supplemented the original music, which is fairly catchy, though very unequal. Miss Ada Blanche as Lottie bears the brunt of the burden on her shoulders; Mr. Charles Wibrow is her lover; the gigantic Mr. Fritz Rimma is the Russian Prince, and the equally gigantic Miss Alice Barnett figures as Miss Macnab, a lady who looks after the telephone-girls. Belle is represented by another of those French ladies that monopolise the light-opera stage—Mlle. Sylva. Mr. Charles Angels, who, I believe, was Svengali at the Drury Lane pantomime, is most amusing as a telegraph-inspector and sings admirably. The whole thing has a go of a rough and ready kind in it, and will probably run for a long time. It is well mounted,

THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

If the successes of the season be a fair test of the public feeling, then 1895-96 has, on the whole, shown something of a reaction. Indeed, the only new work that aims at more than mere entertainment and has achieved success enjoyed but a short run. It is curious that Mr. Sydney Grundy, who has always, apparently, classed himself with the old school, should have been author of "The Greatest of These," an able, interesting, but somewhat severely didactic work. It has had the merit of introducing to London a clever actress, Miss Nellie Campbell, sound in style and skilful in execution. With a sigh one has to refuse to "Michael and his Lost Angel" the credit of success, since it must be said that there are few writers to whom the discredit of such a failure should not be welcome. "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" go together as pleasant ephemeral entertainments of little intrinsic value. Each was child of a boom, and neither seems likely ever to enjoy the honour of revival. Both show considerable skill in play-building. "Trilby" will, however, long be remembered because of Miss Dorothea Baird, who, if she were less modest, might repeat the famous three-word phrase of Cæsar. The popularity which her charm and talent earned her has been intensified by what the journalist would call "her romantic marriage." In "The Prisoner of Zenda" may be noted another step forward of Miss Evelyn Millard, one of the perplexing younger actresses who undoubtedly advance, yet by no means steadily. I wonder whether she will ever accomplish the positively brilliant achievement which she never fails almost to attain?

Some say that the success of the season has been "The Sign of the Cross"; certainly the box-office goes to prove this view, while the hysterical admiration of Mrs. Chant and others of her category may support it; but their opinion hardly affects the judgment of the critical concerning such an unholy alliance. The sporting man would put his money on "Rosemary" as the best stayer, and, although one may pull a wry face at the painful last act—the cruellest piece of pessimism that the modern stage has known—the merit of much of the piece is exceedingly great. No one who goes to see Mr. Parker's very able play will forget Miss Mary Moore, the dainty, quaint destiny in a poke-bonnet; of her many pleasant triumphs this is the most satisfactory, and not a little of the evening's enjoyment comes from her archness as the radically uninteresting bread-and-butter miss. With Miss Moore I must couple the name—the phrase seems that of a toast-master—of Miss Annie Hughes, who is remarkably clever and curious as a coy little country maiden.

Putting aside Miss Esmé Beringer and her brilliant performance as Romeo, I think that it is Miss Violet Vanbrugh who has made the greatest advance during the season. In "The Chili Widow" her acting was very clever; in "Monsieur de Paris" she showed an unexpected power, while as heroine of "The Queen's Proctor" her work is quite brilliant. As a straight part hers would be arduous; as a dialect part it is of immense difficulty; yet the young actress never falters. No doubt there are weak moments, but, on the whole, her performance is amazingly good, and makes one to expect to find in her a most valuable comedian. There is something in her of Miss Rehan; perhaps it is but association in "Twelfth Night" which makes me think of Miss Ada Rehan and "The Countess Gucki." I have already protested—and now protest for the *n*th time—against the policy that condemns an actress of genius to waste her gifts on paltry if ingenious farces. There is, therefore, naught to say save that as the fascinating Countess she acts in an inimitably fascinating style.

Speaking of one Ada makes me think of another—Miss Ada Reeve, who is the life of the successful musical farce "A Gay Parisienne." Some say that, however *chic*, she is not French, but one answers, "Tant pis pour les Parisiennes," for she dances fealty, sings prettily, looks delightful, and is full of gaiety. In speaking of this success one should mention Miss Louie Freear, who contributes no little towards it. There is, however, another musico-dramatic work of greater favour, though not of greater merit, in "The Geisha," the success of which has rendered his theatre a name but not a local habitation to Mr. Daly. Miss Letty Lind's part in it is not very good, and too much tendency to try to repeat a success is shown in the drawing, or rather, sketching, of it. Nevertheless, the personal charm, the curious grace of almost aphonic singing, and the skilful dancing of Miss Lind once more render "our Letty" irresistible. It is pleasant to feel that she is in the theatre to counterbalance the plot; counterbalance seems an unhappy Irish mode of expressing the compliment—to her. There have been, perhaps, other successes, such as the admirable production of the first part of "Henry IV." at the Haymarket, and the admirable rendering by Mr. John Davidson of "Pour la Couronne"; but, on the whole, I fear one must say that the 1895-96 season has been a rather barren one—it makes one put trust in the French phrase "*Reculer pour mieux sauter*."

MONOCLE.

At that well-managed Islingtonian playhouse, the Grand, M. Auguste van Biene last week reached his thousandth performance as Borinski in "The Broken Melody." Long practice has made M. Van Biene a good, sound actor, and he has opportunities enough of showing his mastery of the 'cello in "The Broken Melody." Whatever imperfections that drama may have, it has served M. Van Biene well since its production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre four years back, and he is now looking so far ahead as a projected American engagement in the "fall" of next year.



"THE SWAN," AT THAMES DITTON.

DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.

"THE WOOING OF FORTUNE."

"The Wooing of Fortune" (Hirst and Blackett), by Mr. Henry Cresswell, belongs to the waning class of novels that still think a plot necessary. It is an excellent specimen of that class, and should enliven many a railway journey in these holiday-times. On a journey one's tender emotions are not very easily stirred, so the story, with its skilful complications, may at such a time entertain and its tragic Lear side not trouble overmuch. The mystery is good enough to puzzle a Sherlock Holmes, but the tracker is only a young man in love, who, in pursuit of his angel, hunts an arch-fiend to her lair—but not in time to save the one victim a reader's affections are concerned with. For, if Mr. Cresswell is old-fashioned in his love of a plot, he is, alas! new-fashioned in his relentless treatment of the deserving.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING. TWO GRAND BALLETS,
FAUST and LA DANSE.
LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGAPHE. GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.30.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND
BALLETS, RIP VAN WINKLE and DONNYBROOK. Grand Varieties.
Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION,
EARL'S COURT.
Director-General:
IMRE KIRALFY.
THE EMPRESS THEATRE
GRAND SPECTACLE "INDIA"
OVER 1200 PERFORMERS
CHORUS OF 200 SINGERS
A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE
THE FULL-SIZED TROOPSHIP
GRENADIERS AND COLDSTREAMS
EMPEROR AND IMPERIAL BANDS
NATIVES AT WORK AND AT PLAY
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS
LAKES AND FOUNTAINS
THE GARDEN OF LONDON
THE GREAT WHEEL.

CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.
The ARDENNES, 35s.;
BRUSSELS (for the Field of Waterloo) and BACK, 29s.; &c.,
via HARWICH AND ANTWERP.
By G.E.R. Co.'s fine Tw-n-screw Passenger Steamers "Cambridge," "Colchester,"
"Ipswich," or "Norwich."
Every week-day.

HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND ROUTE to the Continent daily (Sundays included).
Quickest route to Holland (to Amsterdam 11 hours) and cheapest to Germany.
Combination tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining-car from York, via March. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s fast passenger steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamew," Wednesdays and Saturdays. Read "Walks in Belgium," illustrations and maps, price 6d., at all bookstalls. Particulars at the American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SPA SUMMER SEASON.—Racing, Pigeon-shooting, Tennis, Concerts,
Swimming Contes's, Water Polo, &c., &c. and CERCLE DES ETRANGERS, with Ronette, Trente-et-Quarante, and all attractions of Monte Carlo. Excellent hotels, with inclusive tariffs of 12s. per diem. Within twelve hours of London.—For details, address
M. JULES CREHAY, Secretary.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.
"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."
LORD MACAULAY.
OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR
affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for ONE HUNDRED MILES around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to
Kingsbridge, Dublin. R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).
NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

THE PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND HEALTH RESORTS OF IRELAND ARE SITUATED ON THIS COMPANY'S SYSTEM.

BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside resort in the Kingdom, and is within a few miles, by rail, of LOUGH EKNE (the Irish Lakes), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun. ROSTREYOR.—Balmy and restorative climate. WARRENPOINT, MALAHIDE, and HOWTH.—Exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT THE VALLEY OF THE BOYNE and view the Ruins of MELLIFONT ABBEY, MONASTERBOICE, and NEWGRANGE TUMULUS (the Pyramids of Europe).
CHEAP TICKETS AND CIRCULAR TOURS. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED GUIDE.
Dublin, August 1896. HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

CYCLISTS are made up from all classes of the community, and yet there is a subtle fascination in the sport which appeals to every rider of the wheel. The subtle fascination of the "Humber" is irresistible. It is incomparably the pleasure cycle.

Catalogues on application at 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct
Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End and City Stations.
Fast Through Trains and Boat Service as under—

| | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|--------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|------|------|------|-------|
| Victoria .. dep. | 6 45 | 10 25 | 10 30 | 11 35 | 11 40 | 1 45 | 3 55 | 4 55 | 7 15 | 7 25 |
| London Bridge .. | 6 45 | 10 25 | 10 30 | 11 35 | 11 40 | 1 50 | 4 0 | 4 55 | 7 20 | 7 25 |
| Portsmouth .. arr. | 9 0 | 12 45 | 1 5 | 1 40 | 2 16 | 4 23 | 6 39 | 6 56 | 7 38 | 10 25 |
| Ryde .. | 10 0 | 1 50 | 1 50 | 2 50 | 3 0 | 5 10 | 7 30 | 7 40 | 8 40 | .. |
| Sandown .. | 10 45 | 2 29 | 2 29 | .. | 3 37 | 5 46 | 8 14 | 8 14 | 9 24 | .. |
| Shanklin .. | 10 51 | 2 35 | 2 35 | .. | 3 45 | 5 52 | 8 19 | 8 19 | 9 30 | .. |
| Ventnor .. | 11 4 | 2 50 | 2 50 | 3 35 | 3 35 | 6 6 | 8 30 | 8 30 | 9 40 | .. |
| Cowes .. | 11 23 | 3 17 | 3 17 | .. | 3 35 | 6 35 | 7 55 | 9 7 | .. | .. |

Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m., Saturdays and Tuesdays only.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 4, 5, and 6.—SPECIAL CHEAP
TRAINS at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from VICTORIA 9 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.5 a.m.; from KENSINGTON (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 8.55 a.m., calling at New Cross and Croydon; also from LONDON BRIDGE 9.20 a.m., calling at Croydon. Returning from Brighton 6.5 and 7.25 p.m.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS at Ordinary Fares, First and Second Class only, will leave LONDON BRIDGE 10.40 a.m., and VICTORIA at 10.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Returning from Brighton 5 and 5.55 p.m.

PULLMAN FAST TRAINS (First Class only), from Victoria 10.5 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.10 a.m. Returning from Brighton 5.45 p.m.

LEWES RACES, AUG. 7 and 8.—A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from LONDON BRIDGE 8.55 a.m., calling at New Cross and Croydon; from VICTORIA 9 a.m., CLAPHAM JUNCTION 9.5 a.m.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (at Ordinary Fares, First and Second Class) from LONDON BRIDGE 10.40 a.m.; Victoria 10.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

SPECIAL TRAINS at Ordinary Fares return from Lewes immediately after the Races.

FREQUENT EXTRA TRAINS, First, Second, and Third Class, between Brighton and Lewes.

SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY,
AUG. 8. A First, Second, and Third Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares, Train and Steamer, First Class 12s. 6d., Second Class 7s. 6d., Third Class 6s.

Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', Cornhill, on and from the preceding Monday. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

TROUVILLE RACES.

AUGUST 6 to 10 inclusive.

ON AUGUST 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, and 19, CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to TROUVILLE (via Southampton and Havre) from Waterloo at 9.35 p.m., Vauxhall 9.5, Queen's Road 8.58, Kennington (Addison Road) 8.50, West Brompton 8.53, Chelsea 8.55, Clapham Junction 9.12, Wimbledon 9.6, and Surbiton 9.26 p.m., available to return by any Train or Boat within ONE MONTH of date of issue.

Return Fares—First Class, 30s.; Second Class, 22. 6d.

THE STEAMERS leave SOUTHAMPTON for HAVRE every week-night at 12 midnight, returning from HAVRE to SOUTHAMPTON at 11.45 p.m. every week-night.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN
RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation.—WEEK-DAYS.

CORRIDOR AND LUNCHEON CAR EXPRESS TO EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW
FROM EUSTON 11.30 a.m.

CORRIDOR LUNCHEON AND DINING CAR EXPRESS FROM EUSTON AT 2 p.m.

| | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | A | B | p.m. | p.m. |
|------------------------------------|------|------|-------|-------|-------|------|-------|-------|
| London (Euston) .. dep. | 5 15 | 7 15 | 10 0 | 11 30 | 2 0 | 8 0 | 8 50 | 11 50 |
| Edinburgh (Princes Street) .. arr. | 3 45 | 5 50 | 6 30 | 7 55 | 10 30 | .. | 6 40 | 7 50 |
| Glasgow (Central) .. | 3 40 | 6 0 | 6 45 | 8 0 | 10 20 | .. | 6 45 | 7 50 |
| Greenock .. | 4 30 | 6 55 | 7 35 | 9 8 | 12 12 | .. | 8 0 | 8 50 |
| Gourock .. | 4 38 | 7 11 | 7 45 | 9 17 | 12 22 | .. | 8 11 | 9 0 |
| Oban .. | 8 45 | .. | .. | .. | 4 45 | 8 45 | 11 55 | 2 5 |
| Perth .. | 5 30 | .. | 7 55 | .. | 12 18 | 4 31 | 7 55 | 9 10 |
| Inverness—via Dundee .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 10 | 9 40 | .. | 2 40 |
| Dundee .. | 7 15 | .. | 8 40 | .. | 1 5 | 5 30 | 8 55 | 9 45 |
| Aberdeen .. | 9 5 | .. | 10 15 | .. | 3 0 | 6 25 | .. | 11 25 |
| Ballater .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 55 | .. | 2 0 |
| Inverness—via Aberdeen .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 55 | 11 5 | .. | 5 55 |

On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

Passengers for Stations North of Motherwell must leave London by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those Stations.

B.—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).

A.—On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and on y as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave EUSTON (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m., from JULY 6 to AUG. 10, inclusive, for the CONVEYANCE of HORSES and PRIVATE CARRIAGES ONLY TO ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND. A SPECIAL CARRIAGE for the CONVEYANCE of DOGS will be attached to this train.

AN ADDITIONAL SPECIAL NIGHT EXPRESS TO ABERDEEN, with Sleeping-Saloon attached, will leave EUSTON at 10.15 p.m., from JULY 13 to AUGUST 11 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted).

Sleeping-Saloon for first-class passengers to Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, by night trains. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

August 1896.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway.
JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

SHORTEST SEA ROUTE TO IRELAND, VIA STRANRAER
AND LARNE. Open Sea Passage 80 minutes; Port to Port 2 hours. Two Sailings each way daily (Sundays excepted).

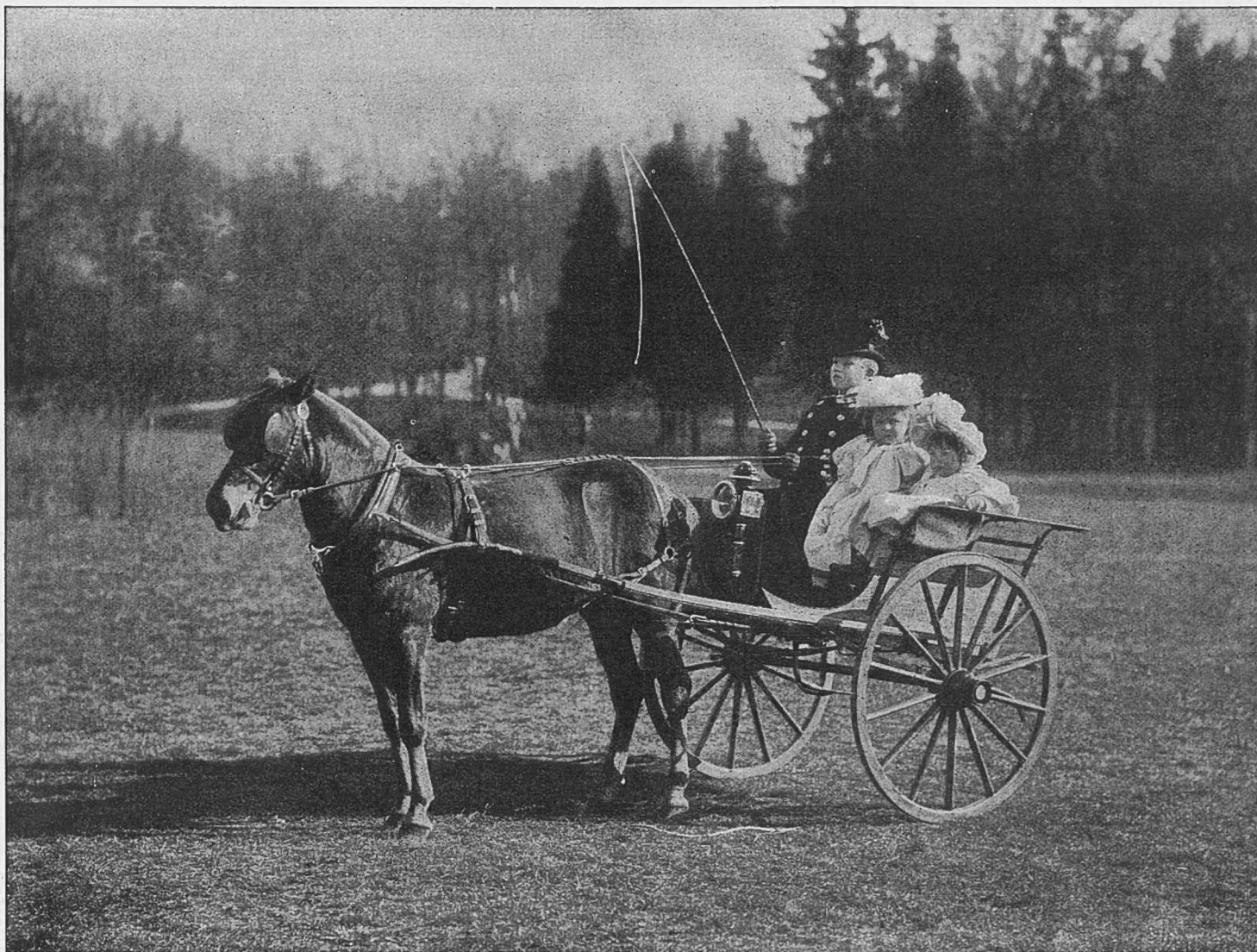
BELFAST AND NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.
Excursions to Portrush, Giant's Causeway, Glengarriff, Whitehead (for Cliff Walks at Blackhead), and Larne. Circular Tours round Antrim Coast.
NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY HOTEL, PORTRUSH. Beautifully situated; Magnificent Sea and Coast Views. Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths; Golf Links; Musical Promenades. Terms on application to G. O'B. Hamilton, Hotel Manager, Portrush.
For full information apply to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

SMALL TALK.

The children of Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, though much younger than their Imperial cousins, spend much of their time in the Empress of Germany's nursery, and scarce a day passes by when the Court is at Berlin without the two sisters, the Empress and Princess Frederick Leopold, meeting and spending some time in each other's company. Jagdschloss Glienicke is within a short drive of the Neue Palace, and is situated, like Potsdam, on the Havel. There the Red Prince's grandchildren spend the simplest and happiest of lives. The eldest, Princess Victoria, her Imperial aunt's godchild and namesake, is just six years old; the two boys, Princes Frederick Sigismund and Frederick Leopold, two and five years younger. Their mother strongly resembles the German Empress in appearance, manner, and character; but there is eight years between them, and the Princess has retained a very youthful appearance. Her mother, Duchess Adelaide of Schleswig-

meditated a violent letter to the *Times* about the inefficient police supervision of important thoroughfares. So long as these hours had only molested people I did not know, I was the personification of toleration; when they ventured to poach on my preserves—well, circumstances alter cases. I was at once transformed to the outraged, law-abiding Briton. But I was destined to form yet another opinion about the two girls.

The street in which I took refuge ran parallel to the one from which I fled, and ended in the same main thoroughfare. As I reached the corner a four-wheeled cab collided violently with a washing-cart across the road, two horses fell, a shaft was broken, and an old woman hurled heavily from the cart. In the moment during which I hesitated prior to going to the rescue, the two girls dashed out from the other street; one helped the injured woman to the pavement, the other ran off to a neighbouring public-house and returned with something in a glass. It was too late for a crowd, but a policeman helped to disentangle the two



PRINCESS VICTORIA MARGARET AND PRINCE SIGISMUND, CHILDREN OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK LEOPOLD OF PRUSSIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. ZIESLER, BERLIN.

Holstein, is a daughter of Queen Victoria's much loved half-sister, and her Majesty takes the greatest interest in Princess Frederick Leopold and her children.

The royal visitors who came across to the wedding have left again for home. Some of them went to see "The Mikado" (at the Savoy) and "Charley's Aunt" before they left.

Are first impressions just or reliable? On the night of the last royal marriage I went out to see the illuminations rather late, when nearly all the crowd had gone. After admiring the aspect of Pall Mall, I turned into a quiet street to smoke the cigar of peace and meditate upon the market price of gas. Just then two young ladies, probably escaped from some East-End factory, hove in sight. Arm in arm they spread themselves over the road, called out familiarly to staid policemen, stared at women, and winked at men. They were merely harmless English girls whose hearts were merry with beer; they were young and good-looking. "Behold," I said inwardly, "the exuberance of loyalty"; and I felt very pleased with myself for being of tolerant disposition. A moment later one of the couple noticed me. "I say, governor, give us that flower," she cried, snatching aimlessly at a priceless tinted carnation, to secure which I had melted the last piece of family plate. Then I began to feel sorry I was without a gun, and turned hurriedly into a side street and

vehicles, cabby shook himself and found no bones broken; the other sufferer was bruised and shaken, but not severely. The sight of the two girls, so quick to change from useless to useful members of society, so prompt to rescue and bring relief, had a serious effect upon my normal condition of complacency. I went up to see if I could be of any service, but found there was no need for further help. The girls who had roused my wrath were quite equal to the emergency. Policeman had already reached his usual "Move on" state of mind. "Do you want any more brandy or anything?" I asked, feeling very awkward, I know not why. "No, thanks," said the girl, recognising me and laughing; "but I'd like that flower of yours." It was exquisitely tinted, but what could I do? I had worn it for some hours, and she was really a pretty and plucky girl.

Only the other day we saw and heard Mr. Ernest Bucalossi, in his capacity as the conductor of the orchestra, taking part in the performance of "Behind the Scenes." Another orchestral conductor, in connection with a "Trilby" company touring in Ireland, has been doing even more notable stage-work. He appeared on the boards as Svengali's henchman, Gecko, and in the course of the representation rendered violin solos with success. That's what I call useful versatility. M. Auguste van Biene, the actor-violoncellist, affords another case in point.

I don't think I ever saw greater enthusiasm (writes a correspondent) than at a meeting of many of the sportsmen of Johannesburg held on June 23. Everyone who possibly could rushed to the Goldfields Hotel to meet Mr. L. E. B. Homan, who had recently returned from Europe, and, while in England, sent over a draft of thirteen and a half couples of foxhounds from the North Warwickshire. A notice had been given in the papers of the proposed meeting, and when the Nimrods of the Rand met and elected Mr. Homan to the chair, he offered his hounds and kennel, being built on his own property, to the sportsmen of Johannesburg, if they would keep and hunt them; and furthermore, if the expenses exceeded a thousand pounds per annum, he would pay all the surplus out of his own pocket.

I do not, however, for a moment believe that Mr. Homan (who was subsequently asked and consented to become Master) will ever be called upon for a single sixpence, for the offer had scarcely left his lips when twenty-five names were written down for twenty-five pounds each. Before the afternoon was over some fifteen hundred pounds must have been collected, and, so far as sport is concerned, there is every prospect of a good time. The hounds—there are more on the way, I believe—will be divided into two lots, one for buck or jackal, the other for drag; so everyone will have the opportunity of enjoying sport in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg. Perhaps we shall find little or no buck within fifteen miles from the Rand, but notwithstanding the dry state of the ground, scent is generally wonderfully good. It is in the experience of Kimberley hunting-men that, after a burning hot day, hounds, finding at three in the afternoon, have run down their game in forty minutes—indeed, it seldom takes them longer. Then, again, jackal show excellent sport in the early morning.

The Johannesburg Hounds are under the charge of Tom Parker, late of the North Warwickshire, and I think Parker, too, has been with the Quorn. The draft arrived here some time ago, and it cannot be said they improved in condition until lately; but since the kennel huntsman has had them in hand they have come on greatly, and will be in first-class condition in a fortnight from the date of writing. The dog-hounds are big, upstanding fellows, with plenty of depth and good bone. This will be found a somewhat difficult country to hunt, because of its roughness, and he will have to be a good-footed hound that can stand even a moderate gallop over the stony kopjes, or hills. But, apart from that, there is excellent going over the veldt, and, as the country is open, it will be generally good, the only danger being from meerkat-holes, a little animal not unlike the weasel in form, but similar to the squirrel in habits, living on roots, &c., and quite harmless. Then, again, ant-bear earths are awkward, but can be seen. That foxhounds are excellent on buck here there can be no doubt—indeed, the pack at Mafeking, in which General Carrington (now in Rhodesia) was greatly interested, used to kill three out of five. Again, the farmers, Boers and others, are offering every facility to further sport, and it stands to reason that the formation of the club will do a lot to support the interests of these people, and also bring together in the field on game and drag all the sportsmen of the Rand, who are ever to the fore with any pastime that goes to make life in a comparatively new and rich country worth the living. Through Mr. Freeman Lloyd, Mr. W. Wade, of Oakmont, Pa., gave two couples of American-entered hounds.

One is inclined to think of "The Complete Angler" as a little book for a quiet corner, but a difference is noted when the visitor repairs to the Oxford Street shop of Messrs. J. and E. Bumpus, and inspects the wonderful copy of Izaak Walton at present on view there. The work, in forty-one folio volumes, in outward semblance very like a section of the British Museum Catalogue, was the forty years' labour of the late Mr. John Smith, of Brondesbury. The text is Pickering's 1836 edition of Walton and Cotton, inlaid to folio size, and extra illustrated by the addition of about five thousand original drawings, etchings, and engravings on copper, steel, and wood. Every place, person, and thing mentioned in the immortal treatise is illustrated with an appropriate picture, and the value of the curiosity is heightened by the inclusion of many interesting autographs, letters, and technical treatises of interest to fishermen. There is also a complete set of all the known portraits of old Izaak. The book was exhibited at the Fisheries Exhibition, when Mr. Smith refused £750 for his treasure, which he priced at £1000. The price now put upon it is £250. Messrs. Bumpus have issued a general invitation to all interested to call and inspect this unique book. The collection was begun in 1843 and completed in 1885. Every angler and book-lover should see it, even though he does not mean to negotiate for the purchase. By the way, why doesn't the Fly-Fishers' Club add it to its reference library?

Goodwood dealt the last blow to the expiring London Season, which this year seems to have expired with an extraordinary suddenness. The royal wedding the other day saw the West End crowded with fashionable folk; to cross Piccadilly and Bond Street was a terrible trial to the nervous; yet within a week most of the smartest people had departed and London was "empty," a condition of things that by the real London lover is always welcomed with pleasure. I confess that I am one of the minority who enjoy London in August. It is so pleasant to have the streets to oneself, so to speak, while the attentions showered on one at club or restaurant are almost overpowering, there are so few members or customers left in town to be attended to. I can thoroughly recommend August to the explorer as a time when his explorations of

this vast city may be carried on with probably greater comfort than at any other season of the year. At the same time, a considerable experience has taught me that all holiday resorts are in every way infinitely pleasanter in September and October than they are in August, and this may be specially remarked of English watering-places. Luckily the majority does not agree with me; if it did, I should have to reconsider the matter.

For the Brighton Races to-day and to-morrow special cheap trains at ordinary fares, first, second, and third class, will be run by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. For the Lewes Races, on Friday and Saturday, a special fast train at ordinary fares, first, second, and third class, will leave London Bridge at 8.55 a.m. A special fast train at ordinary fares, first and second class, will leave London Bridge at 10.40 a.m., and Victoria at 10.50 a.m. A special trip round the Isle of Wight will be run on Saturday.

Rural simplicity at the Reform Club. Two wood-pigeons have built a nest under a balcony, and by opening a French window in the smoking-room the students of natural history can see the mother bird placidly feeding her offspring. She is not at all alarmed by the mighty hunters who watch her, and they are greatly civilised by the spectacle. Indeed, it is said that the smoking-room stories have become quite tractarian since the advent of the pigeons, and several confirmed bachelors are candidates for matrimony.

Does anybody understand the triangular dispute of publishers, authors, and booksellers? Sir Walter Besant produces figures, and the publishers produce figures, and no two accounts agree. The bookseller has his vulgar fractions too, which the publisher repudiates. Nothing is certain except that the author is getting more for his brains than of yore. He is a perfect cormorant, according to the publishers. Fiction, they say, is ruining them, and yet they go on publishing more than ever.

I am surprised to find in Mr. Max Beerbohm an apologist of dead walls. He protests against the proposal to pull down the outer wall of Devonshire House. It is true, as he says, that the front of that mansion is not æsthetically beautiful, but it has, at all events, more animation than the blank mass of grimy brick that faces Piccadilly. I do not agree with Mr. Beerbohm that dead walls, as such, are joys for ever, and that London would be disfigured by their removal. But I should be quite content to leave the Devonshire House wall standing, if the noble owner would permit Mr. Beerbohm to design bills and stick them on it.

Mr. Philip Cunningham, who is now playing the part of Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross," on tour with the North Company, is coming to the front pretty rapidly. He is a member of the Boosey family, I believe, and I recollect him as one of Mr. George Conquest's stock company at the Surrey Theatre some five or six years back. He went to America with the Kendals on one of their transatlantic tours. He played very creditably in the title-part of "Truthful James," at the Royalty, was a capital Reginald Fitzdavis in the spring and summer tour of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and further showed his versatility by an excellent performance of Gratiano at Mr. Charles Pond's recent matinée of "The Merchant of Venice," at the Duke of York's. An agreeable presence and manner have helped him on in his professional career.

In the cast of the London production of "Lord Tom Noddy," at the Garrick Theatre, as at present arranged, I note the name of Mr. Sidney Harcourt, a clever comedian who, it will be remembered, worked tremendously hard in the principal character of that unlucky farce, "Josiah's Dream," at the Strand. For a long time Mr. Harcourt played in the provinces in "Niobe, All Smiles," sustaining Mr. Harry Paulton's part of Peter Amos Dunn.

The exponent of Trilby is married, but interest in the play none the less remains, and hence I take the following bit of news from a private letter from Australia just to hand. "Trilby" has recently been performed in Melbourne, and left that place in quite a fever of excitement. Indeed, my friend adds, "the Melbourne people had gone quite 'Trilby' mad"; and this fact, he goes on to say, "I suppose is partly the reason why we (in Sydney) assume a superior attitude." This pretty little instance of local jealousy possibly does really account for "Trilby" not taking Sydney by storm; such rivalry between great cities was known in the Old World long before Australia was colonised.

The Marchioness of Ormonde possesses one of the most winning and gracious personalities in English, or rather, British society, for she has become by marriage a "Kilkenny woman." She inherited much of the stately beauty of her mother, the late Duchess of Westminster, and as a child and young girl she had many opportunities of meeting noteworthy people, for Grosvenor House was then, even more than now, a brilliant social and intellectual centre of London life. Lady Ormonde was married in her twentieth year, and looks like the sister rather than the mother of her two pretty daughters. Though Lord and Lady Ormonde make a point of spending a portion of each year at Kilkenny Castle, their beautiful Irish home, they are often to be met on this side of St. George's Channel, and during the yachting season the Marchioness and her daughters are generally much *en evidence* at Cowes. Lady Ormonde is twice connected with the royal family, through her mother with the Marchioness of Lorne, and through her youngest sister, Princess Adolphus of Teck, with the Duchess of York.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

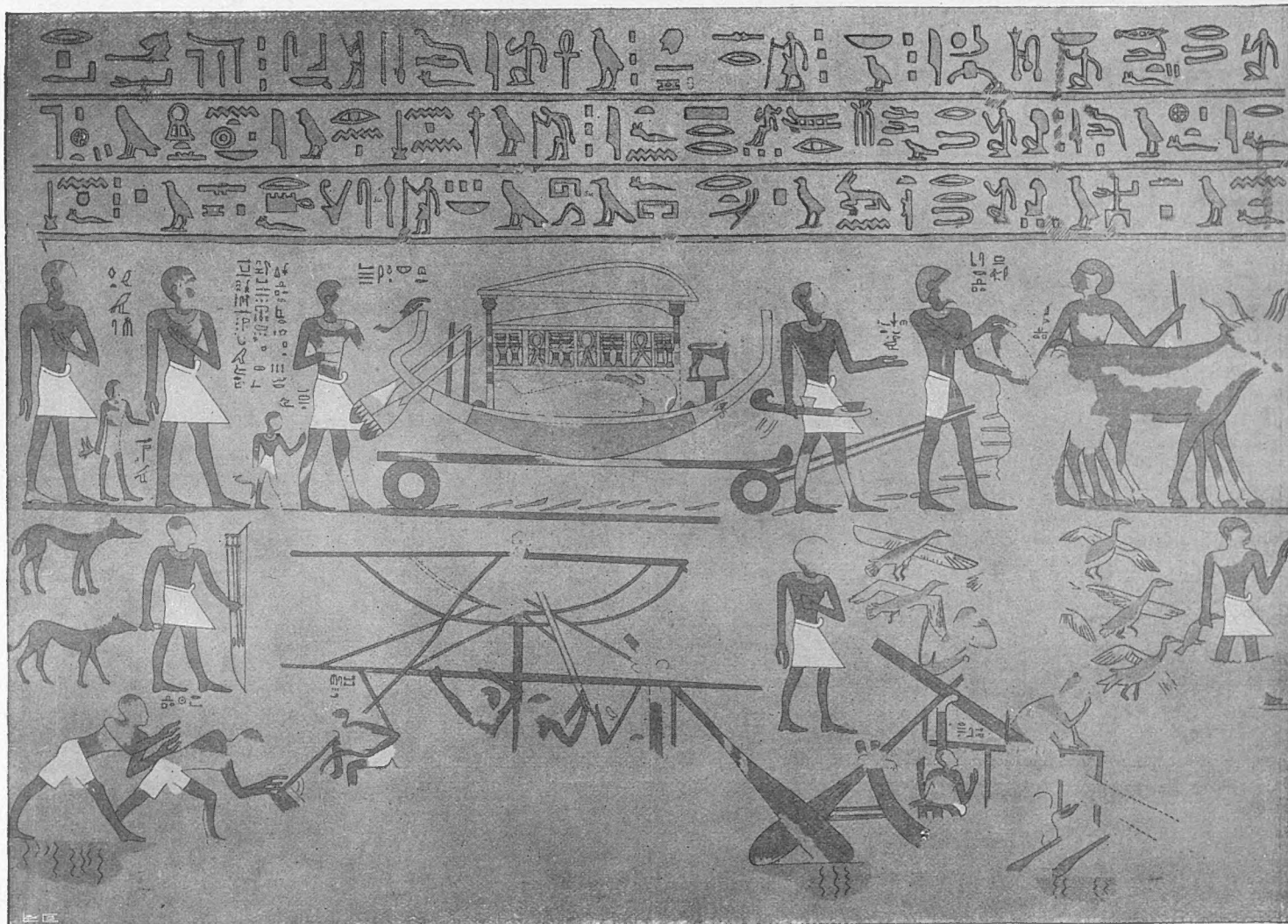
What an endless source of interest Egypt—ancient and modern alike—is! Ancient Egypt, however, is a much more soothing if an equally puzzling topic. In the current number of the *Contemporary Review* Mr. J. Hunt Cooke deals with "The Book of the Dead," that strange collection of ancient Egyptian lore which, as he says, increases in interest as its study is pursued. Like our Bible, it consists of a number of treatises or chapters, written at dates of centuries—if not thousands of years—apart, and its last line was in all probability written before the first line of our Holy Scripture was penned. At present the experts are at sea in the mass of material which has come to light, but there seems a way out of darkness yet. Thus the monumental work on the stones of El Kab, which the Egyptian Exploration Fund Society has just published, is of much interest.

The particular selection in this case is the tomb of Paheri, a monarch of the period of the Eighteenth Dynasty. The drawings are by Mr. J. J. Tylor, F.S.A., who, convinced that it was useless to attempt such reproduction by line-tracing, drew them directly from his model, adding occasional outline to ruined passages in the work, not to replace,

means of finding its way. Behind the car is the lector, or Heart-Washer, in the act of benediction, while the dead man himself blows his own trumpet, as the hieroglyphical epitaph shows: "I act as a brother to the aged, as a father to the children," and so on. It is all very quaint and curious, and yet intensely human.

A writer in *La Vie Parisienne* has been telling his readers some interesting things about English poets. For instance, a certain famous bard named "Klats" died very young, killed by a hostile review. This is almost as good as Mr. Alfred Austin's recent discourses on Burns. From these I learn that the Laureate has coined a new maxim, "Call no man famous till he has been dead a hundred years." This sounds rather familiar; indeed, Burns himself said much the same thing on his death-bed. I expect to find Mr. Alfred Austin paraphrasing "A man's a man for a' that" as an original piece of wisdom.

There have been over seventy lions in the "Zoo" during the last fifty years, many being presents from the Queen or members of the royal family. Indeed, visitors to the "Zoo" are seldom aware how much is



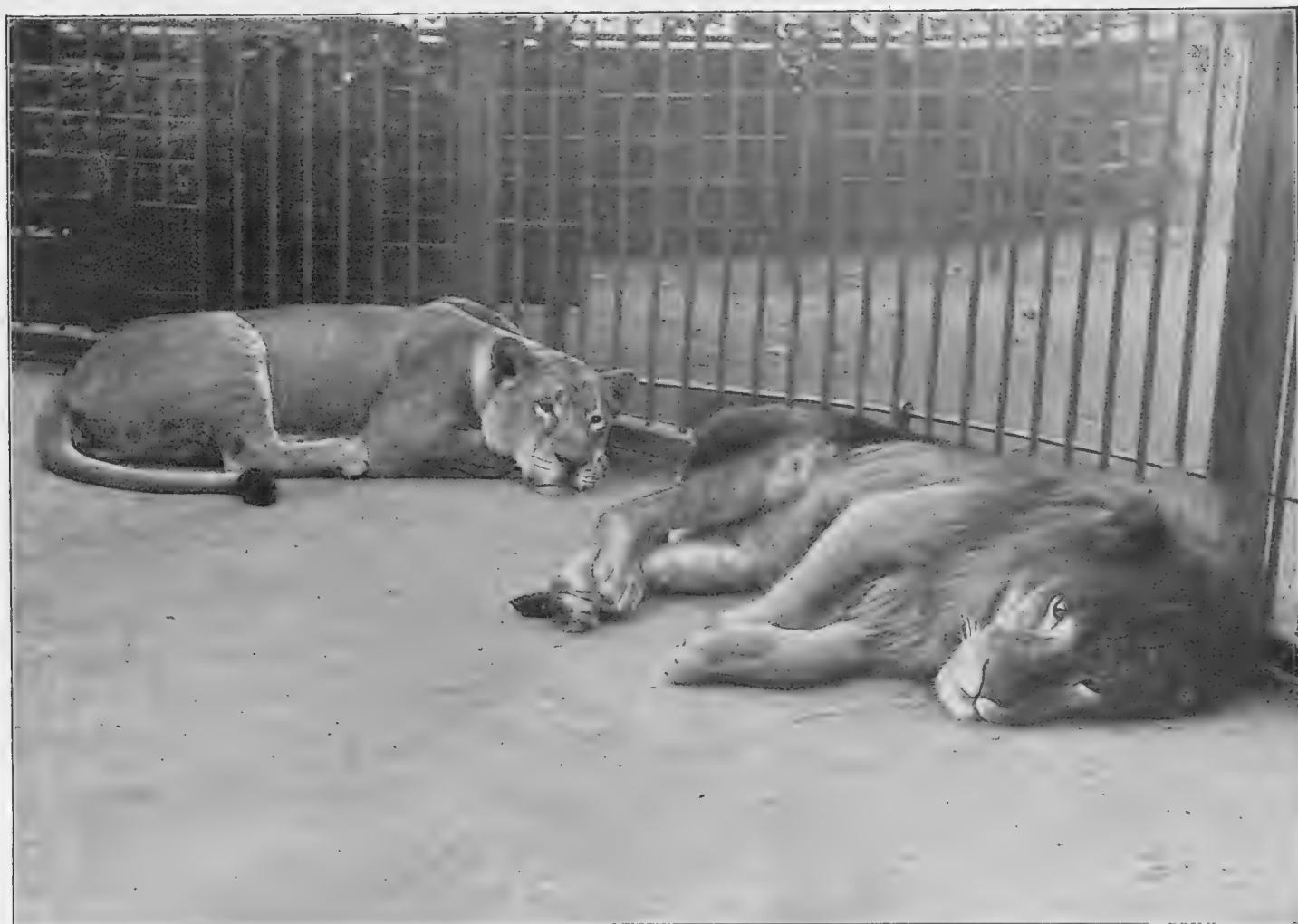
AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL PROCESSION.

but to suggest. In each case, therefore, the suggestion is easily distinguished from the present condition of the original. It must be at once added that Mr. Tylor has done his work admirably. Mr. F. Ll. Griffiths has written the Introduction, and has revised the hieroglyphic translations, so that it is under the guidance of both that one is led through the entombed scenes of Paheri's life and death—of Paheri the Official inspecting the corn and the public works, taking stock of the herds, and receiving tribute of gold; of Paheri in his unofficial and domestic life, dandling his son upon his knee, and giving receptions in the company of his wife; finally, of the dead Paheri, with all the circumstance and pageant of Egyptian funerary scenes. The whole work has implied an enormous sum of industry, and the highest praise is due to the two gentlemen upon whom the responsibility of its production has fallen. In the second volume an exceedingly interesting plate is that of a funeral procession. Its interest arises from the fact that this is one of the earliest cases of a wheel being shown in these monuments. You will observe that the hearse, such as it is, is placed on wheels—or rather, rollers—and yet, notwithstanding that, a man is lubricating the road in front, a performance necessary and customary in the case of a sledge, but utterly useless for a wheeled vehicle. The hearse is boat-shaped, the eye of Ra being painted on the bow. This is the relic of a custom which survives in Italy, where the fisherman provides his boat with the

owing to the generosity and continual interest of the royal family in the "people's collection." Of the nine lions at present there, five have been deposited or given by the Queen or members of her family. One of these is Paddy, rather a young lion, brought from India and presented to the Gardens by the Duke of Connaught. He shares his cage with Spiteful, rather a handsome lioness, and a gift from Lord Delamere, and, despite her name and the fact that she belongs to another continent, appears rather to enjoy her company, with the exception, perhaps, of meal-times. Older than either of these and more stately is Sultan, a gift from the Queen. During the present summer weather, he takes his ease in one of the spacious iron cages erected to the rear of the fine Lion-house, lolling in the sun all day long and wondering why great iron bars are placed between him and his old friends of South Africa, the antelopes, which roam at large and beg food from the passers-by just under his nose. He must feel times have changed for him and them too. He has the fortune, or perhaps misfortune, to be the owner of a perfectly spotless career, having never since he left his dear native Dark Continent committed an act that would have necessitated his appearance within the bounds of a police-court. From an artist's point of view, in head, mane, bearing, and size, he cannot compare with his great predecessor, Prince, who, in his time, figured in all the great pictures where lions were depicted. But, then, Prince was a paragon, and artists will have to wait long before they get such another.



KITTY.



SPITEFUL AND PADDY, AT THE "ZOO."
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

In the year 737 A.D. the Emperor Shōmu, being a sincere devotee to Buddhism, caused numerous monasteries to be erected throughout Japan, and among the other churches thus built and endowed by his Majesty is that known as "Kō-toku-in," at Kamakura. In the grounds of this ancient fane stands the famous colossal bronze image of the Great Buddha, which was cast in September 1252 A.D. by the celebrated glyptic artist Ono Go-rō-ye-mon, in accordance with commands received from the Shōgun (Prince Munetaka), who assisted Itano no Tsubone to carry out her pious desire of fulfilling the dying injunctions of Minamoto no Yoritomo, one of whose waiting-ladies she had been. The image was much injured by a tidal-wave which swept over the site of the monastery in 1495 A.D., yet, notwithstanding the ravages of time and the fury of the elements, it is in a state of excellent preservation and repair. It is about 50 ft. in height and 98 ft. in circumference. The length of the



THE GREAT BUDDHA.

face is $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft., of the eye 4 ft., of the ear $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft., of the nose 3 ft. 8 in. The breadth of the mouth is 3 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., the length from knee to knee 35 ft., while the circumference of the thumb exceeds 3 ft.

The glorious Eighth is within sight, as the overtaxed officials of the railway companies know to their cost at this season. The rush for the North is a curious relic of a bygone day, which survives with us not so much, I think, on account of sport as of mere fashion. And the fashion this year has not been very pronounced, for I am told that the moors have been difficult to let, while there is very little doing in deer-forests. Still, the fashion has got to have its fling, and the note to strike, I think, is something like this—

Sing ho for the hills and the heather!
Sing hey for the bird on the wing!
Good luck to the festival Feather!
Dead aim to the rifles that ring.
The Member lets politics swing
And gladly abandons the House,
And the prosiest dullards will sing
The lay of the gorse and the grouse.

A jacket of homespun and leather,
With knickers and hose, is the thing
To tackle the dirtiest weather,
And torrents that (*Scottie*) "ding";
For the sportsman will gallantly cling
To his task though the tempest may souse,
And wander all day in the ling,
For he's keen on the gorse and the grouse.

When tramping the heather together
With ghillies galore in a string,
They care not a particle whether
The rain or Old Sol be the king,
If home in the twilight they bring
A bag that exhibits their *nous*
As heroes who know how to sling
All day in the gorse at the grouse.

IN CONCLUSION.

Philanthropists—there is the sting—
Would pause ere they injure a mouse;
But the natural man has his fling,
And that's why he slaughters the grouse.

My paragraph anent the Private Home for Invalids and Convalescents at Middelburg, Cape Colony, has aroused some interest, as I anticipated it might, among readers of *The Sketch*, and I have been asked for further particulars with regard to the cost of living there, &c. I regret that I am not in a position to say much more with regard to this apparently attractive health-resort than I said a few weeks since. My information was derived from a circular which reached me from the place itself, but I think the only important item contained therein which I omitted to retail for the benefit of my readers was the fact that it can be reached from Port Elizabeth by a railway journey of only fourteen hours. I cannot discover that the Home has any agent in England, and all communications with regard to terms, &c., must be addressed to the "Poplars," Middelburg, Cape Colony. No hint is given as to whether the charges are moderate or otherwise. A letter to the English Sisters by whom the Home is managed will doubtless receive a prompt reply.

Talking of Africa, I have just received from the eastern portion of the Dark Continent a set of stamps which should one day be of interest to collectors. These are the labels that for a brief period are taking the place of the very handsome stamps of the defunct British East Africa

Company. The new Protectorate of British East Africa is ere long to have a stamp issue specially designed for it—indeed, at the time I write these stamps may have reached the new Protectorate; but, in the meantime, the postal authorities there have obtained a temporary supply of the current Indian stamps, across the face of which the words "British East Africa" are surcharged in three lines. The whole of the present specimens of our Indian stamps have been "pressed" for this duty, and as the large two-, three-, and five-rupee stamps comparatively recently added to the Indian adhesives are included, this set is a very handsome addition to the album of the philatelist; not only this, but they are likely some day to be of considerable value.

The Naval Manœuvres give special interest to the photographs on the opposite page. Here you see two guns laid ready for action. They are fired from the barbette in the lower photograph, so that the gunner is not exposed at all. The opening in the roof of the barbette you will notice in the upper photograph by the side of the gun. By the way, Messrs. Cassell have published the new (and seventh) edition of Mr. Arnold-Forster's interesting book, "In a Conning Tower," at sixpence. Its appearance is timely.

Compare the guns on the opposite page with the poor old cannon of one of the Armada filibusters, which were discovered recently at Bideford, the North Devon town Kingsley loved so well and described so faithfully. It is not generally known that most of "Westward Ho!" was written in one of the oak-panelled rooms of the old hostelry near the station, which have wonderful ceilings in Florentine relief. In another of these rooms was stored the first consignment of tobacco ever landed in England. The finding of the five Armada guns is another link with the great Elizabethan period, when Bideford was one of the greatest ports of the kingdom and contributed so many seamen to the English fleet. These guns have a strange history. For a hundred years they served as mooring-posts on Bideford Quay. About seven years ago, when they were taken up, a member of the Town Council claimed that they were relics of the Armada, and took considerable trouble to ascertain their history. After careful research he was satisfied that they originally belonged to the *San Juan*, one of the vessels of the Spanish Fleet, which was captured on the second day's fight in the Bristol Channel and conveyed to Appledore, a quaint fishing-village now, but once a port of some note. For seven years this explanation of the presence of these guns at Bideford had remained unverified, but early this year the Royal United Service Institution decided to investigate their authenticity.

Equipped with a photograph of two undoubted Spanish guns, taken from a galleon wrecked in the Sound of Mull during the flight of the Armada round Scotland, and now in the possession of Lord Archibald Campbell at Inverary, Captain P. H. Enthoven, of the Royal Horse Artillery, visited Bideford a short time ago. He carefully examined the guns and noted their peculiarities, with the result that he is satisfied as to the authenticity of two of them, and inclined to the same belief with respect to the other three. The rings of the guns are fairly well preserved after three hundred years, and, together with the trunnions, which are low down and of foreign manufacture, form valuable clues. Two of the guns correspond in such a



GUNS FROM THE ARMADA.

Photo by W. H. Puddicombe, Bideford.

remarkable manner with the guns in the possession of Lord Archibald Campbell that there is no doubt as to their being genuine relics of the ill-fated Spanish Fleet. The others will be further examined, and it is hoped that they may also prove to be of the same date. Three other guns of a somewhat similar character are still doing humble duty as mooring-posts on Bideford Quay.



SIGHTING THE ENEMY.



INTERIOR OF THE BARBETTE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THIELE AND CO., CHANCERY LANE.

Those who go holiday-making in provincial France—and there is no more delightful or varied way of spending a holiday—should try and “happen across” a village fair. Every year during the summer months *la foire* reigns supreme for the space of eight days. All the old-world shows and games which once were rife in Merrie England are to be seen there in full swing. Merry-go-rounds, with their tinkling organs in the middle, Roman cars and wooden steeds, painted red, blue, and green, in happy contravention to the laws of Nature, are a special feature. Hospitable booths, lined with cheap wares; primitive shooting-galleries where the targets consist of grinning dolls placed in long rows; open-air kitchens redolent of hot scones and fried potatoes; wrestlers, jugglers, fortune-tellers warranted to give Jeannette the best account of soldier Jeannot—all these and many other delights are in store for the visitor to *la foire*. Every half-hour a theatrical performance, the programme of which is shouted out at the door by a business-like Pierrot, takes place, a sight of the Man Hercules, the Lady Skeleton, the Two-headed Baby, and other exhibits of a like nature, being thrown in as an added attraction. In the early dawn of the next Monday morning, after the last firework has been long spent, a ghostly procession of carts, waggons, and *roulettes*, as French strolling players style their narrow homes on wheels, winds down the village street. It is *la foire* moving silently away to another townlet bent on its annual merry-making.

Till lately—in fact, till excessive taxation and grinding poverty saddened the Italian peasantry—village fairs were a feature of rural life in Italy. Mr. Dudley Hardy's charming picture of a French *foire* is almost an exact replica of the scene which occurs in the opening of “Pagliacci,” where Carlo, Nedda, and the little circus-troupe come on to the scene where the fatal love-story is played out.

On all sides we hear that Germans are getting the better of us. Their technical education, capacity for work, sobriety and economy, are all superior to our best home-made samples. In times like this the average patriotic Englishman must feel a joyous thrill when a Teuton gets left. Last week I was a silent witness of a stirring scene in Jermyn Street. I was walking towards St. James's at about eight o'clock, following a train of thought. The sight of a stray sheep from the Fatherland about to leave two companions and purchase a flower from a girl with a basket of faded posies brought my train of thought to a standstill as swiftly as though it had been acted on by a Westinghouse brake. “Penny a bunch!” cried the girl, and Herr Teuton selected a faded gardenia. “That's thrippence,” said the Englishwoman, who knew her business, as soon as the customer had fixed the flower nicely in his coat and handed sixpence in payment. “You haf said ein penny,” said the outraged subject of Kaiser Wilhelm; “now you zay drippence, for vat?” The girl did not know a German accent when she met it. “Take it or leave it, Mounseer,” she remarked, tightening her grip upon the piece of silver. Just then the Teuton's companions called to him from the corner. “Vell, gif me my drippence,” he said with a deep sigh, and as he passed me he looked sadly at the brown-edged gardenia, and softly said, “Ach Himmel!” But I squared my shoulders, whistled “Rule, Britannia,” and gave the flower-girl twopence all for herself.

The new opera in which the sisters Ravogli played the other day, as described in *The Sketch*, ought to have been called “Zanetto,” and not “Zanfretto.”

Miss Ada Clare, who has been delighting audiences at the Surrey Theatre with her boldly yet artistically coloured portrait of Ada Smith, the raw apprentice in “The Shop-Girl,” is a clever and versatile artist, whose talents are always appreciated, especially at pantomime-time. She is wife of Mr. Otto C. Culling, who has just been taking his fourth annual benefit as manager for the Messrs. Robinson, of the Huddersfield Theatre Royal.

THE ORIGIN OF “TAM O' SHANTER.”

“I look on ‘Tam o' Shanter’ as my standard performance in the poetical line.” This was what Robert Burns himself said of this celebrated poem, an opinion that has been endorsed by the English-speaking world for a hundred years.

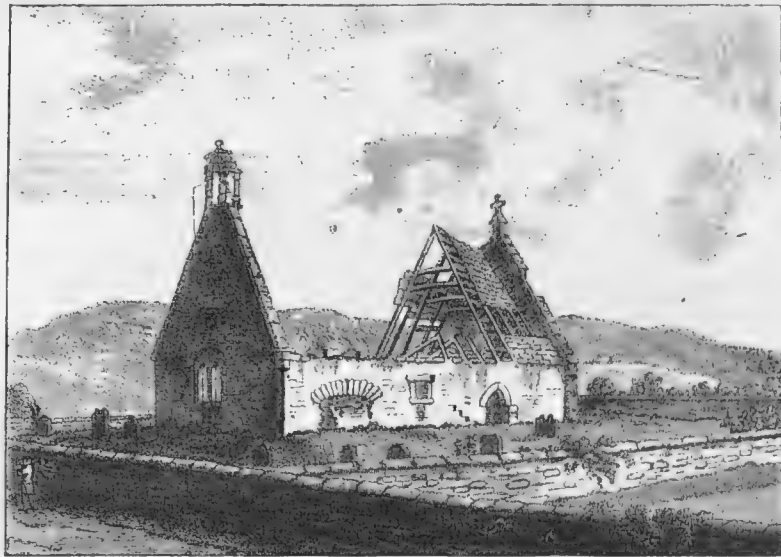
At this time, when the centenary of the poet's death has drawn sympathetic tributes from all parts of the world, it may be interesting to recall the circumstances under which “Tam o' Shanter” was written. They appear to be not generally known, for I have never seen the matter mentioned in any account of Robert Burns that I have met with in connection with the recent centenary and exhibition of relics at Glasgow.

When Francis Grose, the antiquary, was in Scotland collecting material for his work, “The Antiquities of Scotland,” he met Robert Burns, who was then living at Ellisland, near Dumfries. Burns had published two editions of his poems, and had been to Edinburgh, where he had been lionised as the fashionable wonder and idol of the day. The money he got by the publication of the second edition of his poems enabled him to marry his “bonny Jean” and commence farming. It was during this brief period of happiness that he met Captain Grose. Gilbert Burns gives the following account of the circumstances under which the most famous of his brother's poems was written—

My brother was living in Ellisland, when Captain Grose, on his peregrinations through Scotland, staid some time at Carseshouse, in the neighbourhood, with

Captain Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, a particular friend of my brother's. The antiquary and the poet were “unco pack and thick thegither.” Robert requested Captain Grose, when he should come to Ayrshire, that he would make a drawing of Alloway Kirk, as it was the burial-place of his father, where he himself had a sort of claim to lay down his bones when they should be no longer serviceable to him; and added, by way of encouragement, that it was the scene of many a good story of witches and apparitions, of which he knew the Captain was very fond. The Captain agreed to the request, provided the poet would furnish a witch-story, to be printed along with it. “Tam o' Shanter” was produced on this occasion, and was first published in Grose's “Antiquities of Scotland.”

Grose's “Antiquities of Scotland” was published in two volumes, uniform with his larger work, “The Antiquities of England and Wales.” They are profusely illustrated with copper-plate engravings from drawings



ALLOWAY KIRK.
From a Print of 1790.

done chiefly by the author himself. The first volume was published in 1789, the second in 1791. It is in this second volume that the view of Alloway Kirk appears, together with the poem of “Tam o' Shanter.” It was not till 1793 that “Tam o' Shanter” was included among Burns's poems, in a third edition published in that year. The view of Alloway Kirk is here reproduced. Under the engraving is inscribed the date May 1, 1790.

Grose's account of the place is extremely brief. This is all he has to say about it—

This church stands by the river, a little distance from the bridge of Doon, on the road leading from Maybole to Ayr. About a century ago it was united to the parish of Ayr, since which time it has fallen to ruins. It is one of the eldest parishes in Scotland, and still retains these privileges: the minister of Ayr is obliged to marry and baptise in it, and also here to hold his parochial catechisings. The magistrates attempted, some time ago, to take away the bell; but were repulsed by the Alloites, *vi et armis*.

Then follows this note introducing the poem of “Tam o' Shanter,” all printed in small type—

This church is also famous for being the place wherein the witches and warlocks used to hold their infernal meetings, or Sabbaths, and prepare their magical unctions; here, too, they used to amuse themselves with dancing to the pipes of the muckle-horned Deel. Diverse stories of these horrid rites are still current; one of which my worthy friend, Mr. Burns, has here favoured me with in verse.

In a postscript to the introduction of “The Antiquities of Scotland,” Captain Grose mentions the names of several persons who assisted him while he was preparing the work. Among them is the name of Robert Burns—

To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been variously obligated. He not only was at the pains of marking out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the county honoured by his birth, but he also wrote, expressly for this work, the pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church.

“The Pretty Tale” is said to be founded on certain characters and circumstances with which Burns became acquainted when, as a youth, he spent a short time at Kirkoswald in Carrick. From the smugglers of the Carrick shore he heard the story of witches seen at Alloway Kirk, and retained it in his memory till, later in life, he revived it at the instance of Francis Grose. The originals of “Tam o' Shanter” and “Souter Johnnie” lie buried in Kirkoswald churchyard.

Captain Grose himself was the subject of other effusions by Burns. It was he to whom the poet referred when he wrote the well-known lines—

Hear, land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

Francis Grose is not, I believe, very highly esteemed as an antiquary; but if he had done nothing else, he deserves to be remembered for having been the moving cause of Robert Burns writing “Tam o' Shanter.”

MASON JACKSON.



A FAIR NEAR PARIS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LOVE IS CRUEL.

He walked restlessly up and down the corridor. Occasionally he stopped to look out of a window, but mechanically, without seeing anything definitely. The street-lamps impressed themselves on his retina only as blurs of light. The passers-by were vague shadows. He was so full of his own thoughts, of his own anxieties, that he was for the time unconscious of things external. He consulted his watch. How slowly the minutes went! Surely it must now be over! Back and forth he strode, with knit brows and clenched hands, his footsteps soundless on the deep pile of the carpeting. As he passed that door he listened. There was a low murmur of voices from within, directions asked and commands given. Then came intervals of silence. Muffled noises and soft movements fell on his ear. He resumed his walk. Suddenly he started as if electrified. He had heard the feeble wail of an infant.

"Good God!" he said, "it is over!" but he dared not move nor enter the room. His heart throbbed with unaccustomed violence. Presently the door opened, and the doctor came out. He looked pale and worried.

"How is she?" asked John Marsden, moistening his dry lips as he spoke.

"It's a troublesome case," said the doctor briefly.

"And—and the child?"

"The child is all right."

"May I see her?"

"Not yet, please. I will send for you. Meantime, we shall probably want some more chloroform. Can you find a messenger at once?"

"I will go myself."

The doctor scribbled a few lines in his note-book, tore out the leaf, and John Marsden, hastily snatching his hat as he passed through the hall, disappeared into the night. He ran all the way to the chemist's and back. The doctor was still in the corridor waiting for his return. Through the half-open door behind him came a low moaning.

Marsden shuddered and turned away, his face convulsed by a spasm. The doctor entered and closed the door softly. Slowly, slowly, the minutes wore on. At last the doctor reappeared and beckoned to him.

"She wants to see you."

"Oh, let me pass!"

"Wait a moment. I must speak with you first—not here."

Marsden mechanically led the way to the dining-room, entered, raised the gas, then turned and faced the other man. One hand he rested on the table.

There was a moment's pause, as if the doctor did not know how to begin. A pulse beat heavily in Marsden's ears.

"She is very ill, Mr. Marsden."

"I know that."

"Be a man. I feel for you—upon my soul I do! but I fear there is very little hope. Be prepared for the worst."

"I must see her at once."

"You will not agitate her? Any excitement would be fatal."

"I will not agitate her."

"Here, drink this"—and the doctor poured out a glass of brandy.

Marsden swallowed it and held himself more erect.

"Are you sure you feel able for it? Otherwise you had better not go in."

"Of course I feel able!" said Marsden impatiently. "Let us lose no more time."

They entered the room above, treading softly. Nuala Marsden lay on her bed, pretty as a picture. Her eyes were bright with fever; a vivid spot of colour burned on each cheek. Her dark curly hair framed her piteous small face. By the fire the nurse was occupied with the baby. At the foot of the bed stood the family doctor, watching the patient. As Marsden entered he looked up and advanced a step, as if in warning.

"Is it safe?" he said in a low voice to his colleague.

The famous specialist pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing matters much now," he replied softly. "She may as well have her wish."

"Will you go, please?" said the patient distinctly. "I want to speak to my husband."

John Marsden stepped quickly to his wife's side and fell on his knees. She smiled, and tried to raise her limp white hand that lay outside the clothes. He took it timidly, as if afraid of hurting her, and covered it with kisses. A sob rose in his throat and choked him.

Nuala, though feverish, was quite conscious. Her mind was in that excited state that borders on delirium without touching it. She felt inclined to chatter on and on, saying all that occurred to her, as if that would relieve the pressure of surging thoughts. Unnatural activity of the brain, clearness of vision, a vivid comprehension of all she saw and felt, senses quickened almost to pain, characterised her condition. The agony was over. She was dying without much suffering. To horrible strain and rending pangs that shook life on its throne, peace of body had succeeded. She scarcely knew that she had a body. It felt numb. She was all mind, all perception, all intellect, and she wanted to speak in a torrent, to pour out her ideas, her speculations, to her husband. Only her head, it seemed to John, and her eager eyes were still alive. To this last stronghold vitality had retreated.

"John," she said with a wan smile, "it has killed me. I felt it would. Aren't you sorry? No, dear!" as she saw his shoulders heave; "don't grieve. I am happy enough. At least, I don't mind as much as I fancied I should. The pain is nearly gone now, but I am so tired, so tired. I only want to rest and sleep, and never, never waken; but I can't just yet. I am thinking of so many things I went through all my life as I lie here—before I met you and since. Every little incident that I had forgotten years ago. Fancy! I remembered Dicky, my grief over Dicky—I told you about Dicky, my pet canary that died—poor, pretty Dicky!—and poor me! I am so young to die, John—don't you think it is a pity? Oh, it is a pity! I am so sorry for myself, but in a queer, vague way—I can't quite explain—as if it were someone else. It seems so hard to be punished just because we had a little joy—to be punished like this. Why did you let me? You knew—Greater love than this no woman hath, that she should give her life—What am I saying? Love and Death. Oh! this puzzles me. I'm glad it's not you, though—I should hate you to die—I should hate you to suffer; and yet—you love me. Don't you love me, John?"

"Before God, I do!"

"But not as you used. Not quite as you used. Oh, yes, to-night you do; but that is because I am so ill. You are sorry—it has all come back to you; but I saw, sometimes, it was not quite as much to you as it was to me; but men can't help that, I suppose. They do not love as we do—they cannot spare—The child, of course. The child might have made up—perhaps—if I were to live; but I am dying—I feel it—and, anyhow, it was you I loved, not the child. I did not want it at all except for your sake. Oh, John dear, you think I am talking nonsense, don't you? But I'm not; my mind is quite clear—only funny, somehow. The ideas come so quick—just like an alarm running down, isn't it? It makes me say things whether I will or not. You know I never cared much to marry—not as other girls seem to. Though I didn't realise it, it always frightened me a little; and, if I flirted just for fun, I did not wish it to go deep. And then you came, and you were different from anyone else, and you compelled me somehow—dominated me somehow—and you wanted it, and then I wanted it too. To me it was like a dream—a beautiful dream. But you had loved before, and I had not—and you knew—how it would end. I suppose it must be like that. You see—I cannot put it well—a woman gives a man love; a man gives a woman experience. But for me love was a bigger thing than for you, and—oh, John dear, do not think me unkind!—I do not really mean it; it is only because I am so ill—and queer—and the thoughts come—and something makes me say them. I kept wondering, lying here, if you were worth it—worth dying for, and all that—a love that lasts so short a time, you see. And the lines about the moon came into my head, and I said them over and over—you remember?—that it looks on many brooks, but the brook sees but one moon; and it seems somehow as if to men all women were much alike—so long just as they were pretty—and—and 'taking'; but a woman like me sees in the world only one man, and so it isn't fair on us, is it, if we can't change too? And then, if we meet the man, he has the joy—oh! and we have the joy, too; but—we have the suffering—and—and—of course, not everyone is worth it. We pay dear, dear—" Her voice trailed away.

MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

A little while ago Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams was the cynosure of the Law Courts, owing to the vigour and skill shown by him in his capacity of Coroner of Joint Stock Companies, and the present boom in promotion will, I fear, bring him once more prominently forward ere a twelvemonth has gone by. His appointment as Judge of the High Court was a surprise to the public hardly aware of the existence of the son of Sir E. Vaughan Williams, formerly one of our Puisne Judges. However, though rarely in sensational cases, he was well known by the profession as a man of large learning and ability, and his appointment was welcome. He had been a little more than a quarter of a century at the Bar ere he was raised to the Bench, in 1890, but had the right to wear silk during but a very short part of the period. Of the Bench he is an ornament when upon it, though the peculiar rolling of his body has a rather comical effect. Happy they who can afford to smile at it, for a large number of those who come before him find themselves in no laughing mood. Off the Bench his Lordship's passion for amateur agriculture renders him a trifle undignified, and those who see him at Gomshall Station with the milk-cans and the antique vehicle may smile at the phrase concerning the majesty of the law. Sir Roland's most interesting decision was in *Broderip v. Salomon*, in which he held that a man who converts himself into a limited liability company merely in order to be able to trade without risk is responsible for the debts of the company. Unfortunately, the House of Lords in this, as in the famous case of *Peck and Derry*, is not "on the side of the angels," and his Lordship's daring experiment is doomed to failure by the costly, superfluous final Court of Appeal. Sir Roland is still substantially on the better side of sixty; he is a Welshman, and proud of his nationality. He was educated at Westminster—whether he ever took part in the Latin play, I cannot say—and subsequently went to Christ Church. The Inner Temple had the honour of calling him to the Bar.



MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

ADVENTURES IN THE ALPS.*

That a considerable amount of interest is still taken in the subject of mountaineering is demonstrated by the publication of two large illustrated volumes, the one entitled "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," by E. A. FitzGerald, F.R.G.S., assisted by Sir Martin Conway, Professor T. G. Bonney, D.Sc., F.R.S., and C. L. Barrow, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. (Fisher Unwin); the other, "Sport in the Alps in the Past and Present," by W. A. Baillie-Grohman (Adam and Charles Black). It is to be regretted, however, that so admirably produced a work as Mr. FitzGerald's "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps" should not have been carefully edited. The descriptions themselves are, many of them, interesting; but the reader cannot help wishing that Mr. FitzGerald had put his book more in the shape of a narrative and less in the form of a diary, for a series of detailed records of facts, though, of course, interesting enough to the author's personal friends, are apt to prove dull reading, even to strangers themselves fond of mountaineering. Still there is much in the book to recommend it. In the first place, the author, evidently a young man, writes mainly from personal experience; secondly, he is passionately fond of mountaineering, two facts which in themselves give value to the work. Then, it is refreshing to find a man who can write upon such a subject refrain from eulogising either directly or indirectly his own deeds of daring. The author is a modest, plucky man, and though he enters into somewhat needlessly long details concerning several of his adventures—and adventures they certainly were—he neither describes nor tries to describe them in absurdly thrilling language. Apparently Mr. FitzGerald and his invaluable Swiss ally, Zurbriggen, might well have dispensed with the company and services of "Young Clark," a youthful New Zealander engaged by them in any sort of capacity, who seemed to spend most of his time in doing everything in the wrong way or at the wrong moment. "The Ascent of Mount Sealy," a chapter contributed by Mr. Barrow, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting chapters in the book, and the appendices at the end of the work are also well worth reading. An excellent map accompanies the volume, and greatly helps readers to follow the author in his rambles—and scrambles. The illustrations from original drawings by Joseph Pennell, H. G. Willink, and A. D. McCormick, and the reproductions of photographs taken by the author, are well done. Though plenty of men can write graphic descriptions of their

"adventures" by flood and field, and perhaps make a certain set of readers and hearers open round eyes of amazement, but few probably have cheerfully undergone so much discomfort and actually experienced as many hairbreadth escapes as Mr. FitzGerald and some of his companions. In time he will, no doubt, handle his pen as cleverly as he now wields the alpenstock and the ice-axe.

A very different class of book is Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "Sport in the Alps," but, then, this author deals almost entirely with sport. Moreover, this is not his first plunge into literature. He supplies us with extremely interesting and brightly written accounts of the chase of the chamois, the red deer, the bouquetin, the roe deer, the capercailzie, and the blackcock, and adds personal reminiscences of delightful experiences as well as of bitter disappointments that he has passed through during his fairly long career as a sportsman. In the opening chapter the author writes in a very spirited way of sport in the Alps as conducted in the olden days, when it was customary to spear the chamois with a sort of javelin. Of course, an immense amount of skill was needed, not so much to enable the hunter to strike his quarry as to help him, in the first place, to circumvent it, a feat accomplished generally with the help of drivers. Many



A MANUFACTURED MONSTROSITY.
Real chamois horns mounted on a sheep's skull to deceive collectors.
From "Sport in the Alps."

of the exploits of the famous Emperor Maximilian, who flourished some four hundred years ago, are described at length. Mr. Grohman tells us that the chamois in the North Tyrolean mountains are more wary than those found in the Styrian and Salzburg Alps. He was amused once at overhearing an English tourist in Switzerland describe the chamois as "a sort of wild goat that has a beard and small polished horns, which the natives fasten on the alpenstocks." "For incorrectness personified," he adds, "this account will bear comparison with the famous reply Cuvier once received on asking a nervous student to describe a crab: 'A red fish that walks backward,'" was the prompt answer. In the chapter on "Chamois-Driving in the North Tyrolean Alps" a graphic account is given of a chamois-drive organised as it should be. Though not a living picture, the picture seems to live before us as we read. Then we have some sporting reminiscences of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whom the author knew intimately, and whom he declares to have been well-nigh as perfect a type of sportsman as it is possible to find anywhere. In conclusion, he deplores the fact that sport has of late years so much degenerated. He begs to thank the proprietors of the *Field* and those of the *English Illustrated Magazine* for allowing him to republish some of the substance of articles that have appeared in their journals. From beginning to end the volume is packed with interesting and, in many cases, instructive information. Yet there is not a dull page to be found.

B. T.

AMATEURS IN A PASTORAL PLAY.

A somewhat novel departure in amateur theatricals was lately undertaken in the grounds of Roche Abbey, the charming Yorkshire seat of the Earl of Scarborough. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given as a pastoral play on two afternoons, and the attempt was completely justified by the success of the performance. The "Dream" has several times been given in the open air by Mr. F. R. Benson's company, and, I believe, by Mr. Ben Greet; indeed, it lends itself to such treatment, but, as far as I know, this is the first attempt by amateurs to reproduce the play in this manner. The whole of the parts, with the exception of Bottom, admirably portrayed by Mr. Vivian Stenhouse, of Mr. Benson's Shaksperian Company, and Puck, ably played by Miss Nita Faydon, were in the hands of amateurs, and the difficulties which had to be, and which were, surmounted may be imagined when it is said that the cast included over ninety performers. Mr. Arthur Grenville, of the Lyceum, assisted by Miss Mona K. Oram, was responsible for the stage-management and production of the piece, the results, judged from a high standard, being excellent; and in many cases the interpretation of the leading characters left little to be desired, in addition to the two already mentioned, those of Theseus, Demetrius, and Helena being the best. The site chosen formed a natural stage, and not even the most exacting of stage-managers could have desired a better background or more suitable surroundings. There was a large attendance on both days, all the well-known houses of the neighbourhood being well represented, and the performers have good reason to be satisfied with the success of their novel experiment, the results of which go to a local charity. The photographs reproduced on the opposite page were taken on the spot by Miss Mary Crossley, of Maltby, an amateur.



AN ACCIDENT ON SEFTON.
From "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps."

* "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps." By E. A. FitzGerald. London: Fisher Unwin.
"Sport in the Alps." By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. London: Adam and Charles Black.

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" IN THE OPEN.



BOTTOM: *The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates!*



QUINCE: *Come, sit down, every mother's son, and
rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have
spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one
according to his cue.*



HERMIA: *Do you not jest?*



THISBE: *Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.*



BOTTOM: *Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.*



PUCK: *I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.*

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is probable, if anything *can* be regarded as probable, that we are on the verge of the Age of Motors. The legislative practical joke that restricted the speed of a road-carriage driven by machinery to three miles an hour (or was it two?), and required a man with a red flag in front of it—a sort of herald that nobody except a Labour Leader would desire—this elaborate, if accidental, jest is gone, or going. We may expect that the carriages invented and used in France and elsewhere will be taken up and perfected by the country that still possesses some mechanical skill and can build bicycles and carriages not strikingly inferior to those of other nations. There will be a good many accidents at the start, no doubt, and probably not a few of the earlier motor companies will go into liquidation; but by failures we shall find the way to success.

And when the motor-car or auto-car has taken the place of the horsed vehicle, what a change there will be in our streets! To begin with, there will be an end to the ceaseless roar of wheels and clatter of hoofs. Gradually all vehicles will be rubber-tyred, as hansomers are now; flag-stones will give way to wood, macadam to asphalt, and instead of the thunderous roll of London there will be a dull murmur, punctuated with the rhythmic rattles and wheezes of countless motor-engines. At first, no doubt, a paternal Government or Municipality will compel the comparatively noiseless motors to jingle bells or blow whistles; but in time we shall grow accustomed to the stillness, and learn to recognise the slighter sounds as we did the heavier ones.

But another change will assuredly be more dangerous, if not guarded against. To begin with, the average pace of wheeled traffic will be much increased. The dray need not go slower than the hansom; a heavier motor will work the heavier carriage at practically the same pace as the lighter. No more will one heavy van, aided by the road-mending operations of a considerate Municipality, reduce half the Strand and all Fleet Street to a snail's pace. And the roads themselves will hardly ever need mending. It must always be the sudden, irregular blows of iron-shod hoofs that dint and break up a road, far more than the even pressure of wheels; and when all wheels are sheathed in rubber, one can hardly see how a road will ever wear out. But it will be a bad time for those who cross the streets. To begin with, all vehicles moving at the same swift pace, and none having the irregular excrecence of a horse, carriages will be following far nearer each other than ever before, and it will be hard indeed to get across except in some lull of traffic. Possibly it will become necessary to establish subways or foot-bridges over places where the traffic is congested.

This may be expensive; but the County Councils of the future will be able to afford it. Think of the enormous saving in road repairs, the economy resulting from quicker transit, the sanitary improvement owing to the cleanliness of the streets, the ending of the twin plagues of mud and mud's thirsty brother—as Æschylus calls the dust! Think, again, of the new security of those that go down to the City in cabs. A motor will not dance to and fro while the fare is trying to climb into its hansom; not will it (unless out of order) subside into sulky inertia once the passenger is in, and require to be roused by the whip into a jerky canter. There is an independent volition about a motor. Even if it breaks down, it will not roll over and send you flying over its head into the mud or under a dray. And it will not be wrecking our nerves on a greasy day by slipping and falling, or—which is yet worse for nerves—just recovering itself.

The only point is—when motor-cars are generally in use, what shall we do with our horses? Already the cycle has killed one-half of the trade in riding-horses. The motor seems not unlikely to abolish the draught-horse almost everywhere. Perhaps we shall come to a time when the horse is preserved merely for cavalry and artillery, and for pleasure-rides. For troops have to go more or less across country that has not been built for motors; and unless our mechanicians can invent an engine that can go everywhere that a horse can, and jump if necessary, we shall still need the horse for our guns and dragoons, unless a convention is concluded to fight only on roads and in smooth, open spaces. Which is hardly likely.

But it will become easier to reserve horses for the actual conflict, since the artillery, the men for the cavalry, the stores and ammunition, nay, the horses themselves, can be brought up by motor-cars along the roads, and by train along the railways. The capabilities of railways have already made possible and successful military movements that in the past always ended in disaster. But a General advancing along a railway is tied to the line; he must string a good part of his army along it to guard his communications, and the blowing-up of a bridge may paralyse him. Whereas an army with motor-engines that can transport its ammunition, stores, and even a part of its infantry, can accumulate a month's provisions by its motor-train, store them at the front in an impregnable fort, leave communications to take care of themselves, and move a corps a hundred miles in a day from end to end of the theatre of war, bringing the men on the scene fresh and unwearied.

The new Napoleon will be the General who perfects his motor-train, fights half-a-dozen battles a-day with the same troops, at places five or ten miles apart.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. A. P. Graves, having discovered that some anonymous verses of merit, which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* about thirty years ago, were by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, has collected Le Fanu's poems, counting on the new-found pieces showing the noted Irish writer in an unexpected and brighter light. Messrs. Downey have issued the volume. I have read the lyrical drama "Beatrice," a legend of Venice and the Faliero family, but cannot agree with the editor about the "stamp of appalling power" on it. It is a grim story rather skilfully planned, but on the lyrical side very disappointing. "The Legend of the Glaive" is a much finer production; the Gaelic theme is imaginatively dealt with; but when Mr. Graves uses the word "glamour," so fashionable just now, in connection with it, he uses it wrongly. None of these new-found poems really come near to the long-known "Shamus O'Brien," that spirited tale of the days just after '98, when—

'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thral—barrin' sich as was shot;
There was trial by jury going on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.

But Shamus was a match for the most lawless laws, and many are the tales of

How he freckened the magisthrates in Cahirbally,
An' escaped through the sodgers in Aherloe Valley;
An' leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on ould Galtimore.

The judge got him at last, and after the judge the hangman; but Shamus was not beaten yet—

Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourselves you must hang;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him again.

"Shamus O'Brien" and "Phaudrig Crohoore," the latter an Irish version of Lochinvar, stand still at the top of Le Fanu's work in verse. The new additions are only proofs of his general culture.

Miss Barlow keeps up a wonderfully high level of work considering her productiveness. Messrs. Dent have lately published another volume of short stories, "Mrs. Martin's Company," which can bear comparison with any of the work she has done outside her two books of Irish Idylls and her "Bogland Studies." Her fun is quite as certain a quality as her pathos, and, on the whole, fun is uppermost here, though it is made out of most unpromising material sometimes. In all her work there is a tendency to suppress the ugly. She is a most fastidious selector from life, as far as possible keeping to such phases as show folks making the best of desperate circumstances, extracting pleasure and entertainment and comfort out of such meagre crumbs of joy as make you inclined to laugh and weep at the same time. Hers is not a very heroic method of painting life, but it is very true in part, and so very consoling to us that have a somewhat better time of it than her Paddies and Micks and Barneyes.

"Ros Rosarum," compiled by "E. V. B." from all the poetical literature of the Rose, and published by Mr. Elliot Stock, is in its second edition, but, like all other second editions, it must be a new book to most readers; and, unlike a good many, it is worth possessing. Its weakest part is, perhaps, the portion dealing with the mystical meanings of the Rose, though these are not altogether neglected either. The extracts from the older writers contain many bits of delightful and quaint lore; this, for instance, translated from Peter Burmann's *Anthologia*, one interpretation of the phrase "Under the Rose," will be new to many—

The Rose is the flower of Venus; in order that her sweet thefts might be concealed Love dedicated to Harpocrates this gift of his mother. Hence the host hangs over his friendly table a Rose, that the guests underneath it may know how to keep silence as to what is said.

There are a few hitherto unpublished poems in the book, none of great importance, perhaps; but this fragment of Tennyson is interesting—

The night with sudden odour reeled,
The sudden stars a music peal'd,
Warm across the meadow stole;
For Love flew over grove and field,
Said, "Open, Rosebud, open; yield
Thy fragrant soul."

Mr. Miles has revised his volume of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century" (Hutchinson), devoted to the singers from William Morris to Robert Buchanan, and improved it. The introductory essays on the poets still leave a good deal to be desired, both in information and criticism, that by Mr. A. Symonds on Swinburne being the best. But the new poems added, or substituted for others in the first edition, are all on the side of improvement. Some of the poets here are little known to the general reader, and are, too, of the kind whose acquaintance is best made by extracts—Thomas Ashe, for instance, not a great writer, assuredly, but one of the most poetical lovers of childhood that ever lived, and the author of this exquisite "Apologia" for himself, and other unconsidered poets—

No rest save singing, but a song for friend
Have I, and sing, forgotten, to the end
O world, for me ne'er care to weave a crown,
Who hold your smile as lightly as your frown!
Yet I grow sad to think upon my songs,
For which no man, nor even a maiden, longs.
O my poor flowers, dead in the lap of spring!
I think it is too sad a harvesting
For such brave hopes, for such kind husbandry!
Yet I must still go singing till I die.

o. o.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



INDIAN SOWAR, SUAKIN, 1896.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Haynes King's new work in the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, "New Shoes," reproduced this week, is a charming combination in technique of the early Newlyn School, with its sunlit window and decent interior, and of a yet earlier domestic sentiment of the English School of fifty years ago. The two girls of the picture, however, have not perhaps the deadly seriousness of the mid-Victorian domestic manner; they are gay, and their attitude is frankly frivolous. The one, with the sunlight glinting upon her hair and shoulders, raises her petticoat to display her new shoes, in which both she and her seated companion take so pretty an interest. The drawing is admirable, and the gaiety of the idea is completely realised.

If a man wishes to understand how poor a show we Englishmen can make in our public places, let him visit Blackfriars Bridge and there examine Mr. Brock's statue of the Queen, which was unveiled to the public a few days ago. Really nothing could be less impressive. It

saints has therewith been revealed, showing the work to belong to an early period of the painter's career. It is, fashion or no fashion, a very interesting find, which, it may be hoped, the National Gallery will not lose sight of.

And, talking of a picture which the National Gallery should not lose sight of, it is regretfully to be recorded that a splendid Titian has been lost sight of, and is now on its way to America. This is the well-known and deservedly famous "The Rape of Europa," which was painted, when the great Italian was nearly eighty years of age, for Philip II. of Spain. Titian was one of those extraordinary men upon whom age has no debilitating effect; and it may safely be said that, in his last days, when old age had crept upon him, he painted better than in the greatness of his youth. "The Rape of Europa" is chiefly beautiful for the amazing loveliness of its colour, and for that reason has always been classed among the greatest of this great master's works. Anyway, it is gone from England now for ever, although it has been in the hands of its recent owner's family for more than a century and a half.



[Copyright Reserved by the Artist.]

NEW SHOES.—HAYNES KING.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

should be remembered that in whatever station a statue is posed it is absolutely necessary that it should be an unit among its surroundings. Thus, if you arrange for the statue of a cherub in St. Peter's, it is necessary that the cherub should be the size of one stout man, since St. Peter's is out of proportion to the size of man himself. Mr. Brock has had no such doubts about his statue; it seemed right enough for his studio, no doubt; and he seems not to have questioned what reduction its size might have to undergo in the presence of towering buildings and five-storied warehouses. The result is sad enough, however, as he who runs, walks, drives, and begs may perceive for himself.

The discovery of a new Raphael is perhaps now not so exciting an event as it might have been thirty years ago; for Raphael, whatever the reason may happen to be, is now somewhat at a discount among artists, and the time is, for the present, gone when the National Gallery would pay the sum of seventy thousand pounds for a "Madonna degl' Ansdei." Nevertheless, a new Raphael has been discovered under a coat of concealing paint by Mr. Colnaghi. The picture itself, called the "Colonna," has long hung in its defaced condition in the South Kensington galleries, and has been purchased by the gentleman who has so greatly dared to uncover its beauties. A Madonna accompanied by

The Royal Academy is now closed to the public, and with that the Art Season may indeed be said to have entered upon its long sleep. It has, on the whole, been a sad Academy; its pictures were hung amid the mourning for its late President, and it goes out in a period when hopes are not high for the health of its present President. The actual value of the exhibition has before been discussed in these columns; popularity does not perhaps go for much after the event, but it is said that not for many years has there been so wide an interest shown in the show as there has been this year. There was nothing, indeed, of sensational merit, and there were one or two sensational rejections; but, on the whole, as was said here before, the exhibition of this year had perhaps greater average excellence than that of many former years.

Those who have not yet entered for Mellin's Food "Art Competition" should not forget that the latest date on which applications can be received is Monday week. Such an exceptional offer in the interests of Art as £1000 in prizes is worthy of exceptional results.

Mr. Tinworth's group of "The Finding of Moses," exhibited at Messrs. Doulton's a short time ago, and reproduced in these pages, is the property of Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P. for Scarborough.

"FOR THE PROTECTION OF HER MAJESTY."

A TALK WITH A LATE CHIEF INSPECTOR.

Mr. George Hepburne Greenham is a most interesting person to chat with, so varied and uncommon have been his experiences. I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance for some considerable time (writes a

Sketch representative), and, hearing that he was just about retiring from his official duties, I went down to his suburban residence to renew my acquaintance, and to talk over facts and incidents of his life.

Many men distinguish themselves in one particular line; but it is only the few who excel in a variety of professions. Among the latter, Mr. Greenham may fairly be classed. He was born at Yeovil, in Somersetshire, being the third son of the late John Greenham, Esq., his mother having held an important position in the *ménage* of a royal family. Electing to join the engineering profession, he was placed at the Polytechnic Institution at Vienna at the age of

fourteen; after three years' sojourn in that city, returning to England to continue his studies. At the age of twenty he was admitted into the drawing-office of the firm of Messrs. Ravenhill, Salkeld, and Co., marine engineers, remaining with them for the next ten years.

Mr. Greenham seems to have had a rich comic vein in his nature, which found vent in sketching; to this he had given full play during his engineering studies. His essays, too, in this direction were thoroughly successful, and met with good after-results; indeed, his sketches were so thoroughly artistic, so humorous and true to life, that he had an immediate offer of an appointment on the staff of artists of a then well-known comic paper, rejoicing in the name of *Quiz*. In addition to this he also contributed some capital comic sketches to several other illustrated papers. With a thorough and valuable knowledge of two professions, Mr. Greenham was all the time developing a taste for another, for which he was the more especially qualified as he was a first-rate linguist, speaking fluently Italian, German, and French, as well as having a knowledge of other Continental languages. Added to this, his travels and his acquaintance with the world, his power of concentration, and his keen insight into character, all combined to fit him for the third profession he now entered upon—a profession in which he has gained almost a world-wide name and fame.

It was in 1869 that Mr. Greenham joined what was then known as the "Detective Department," under Colonel Henderson, the then Commissioner of Police. This department is now, however, known as the "Criminal Investigation Department." Here Mr. Greenham quickly distinguished himself, for in two years' time we find him filling an important position at Camden House, Chislehurst. It will be within the memory of most of us that this was formerly the residence of Napoleon III., his Consort, and son, subsequent to their taking refuge in this country on the occasion of the, to them, fatal termination of the Franco-German War. Here he continued for some time, residing at Chislehurst at intervals until after the death of the Prince Imperial. Still, he was not altogether exempt from other official duties, for during that period he had a number of mysterious cases to unravel, some of which were most serious ones.

In conversation, I asked Mr. Greenham whether, in view of the position then occupied by the ex-Emperor and Empress in the eyes of a faction of the French nation, he could not give me some special details or adventure connected with such.

"Several," was the answer. "Perhaps one will serve as an illustration. One evening, after dinner, I made the remark to one of the officials of the household that I thought I would take a quiet walk round the grounds to see that all was right. I had no presentiment of approaching evil or warning of an unwelcome presence, but merely went 'to make assurance doubly sure.' Lighting my cigar, I strolled quietly along until I came to the terrace, whereon the windows of the library looked. Coming into near proximity to these windows, I was suddenly and startlingly aware of the figure of a man in a menacing attitude, gazing intently into the apartment. Hastily putting out my cigar, and treading softly across the grass, I came up quietly and closely in the rear of the man; and only just in time, for his arm was already raised, and his finger on the

trigger of a pistol which was pointed straight for the Prince Imperial, who sat unconsciously writing at a table. Nearly every Frenchman is an expert shot, and the slightest delay or hesitation might have proved fatal to his Imperial Highness. As it was, it was but the work of a moment to dash up the miscreant's arm, and so avert the threatened catastrophe. I had very little difficulty in securing the man, and he accompanied me quietly enough down to the Lodge, where I handed him over to the police guard on duty at the gates. The moment, however, that I loosed him he turned upon the policeman with much ferocity, and succeeded in so severely biting his hand as to do him serious injury."

"I suppose," said I, "that by this he entailed upon himself heavy punishment?"

"On the contrary," was Mr. Greenham's answer; "the Empress and the Prince would not prosecute (this was, of course, subsequent to the death of the Emperor); they did not wish to do anything to cause any disturbance among the various political shades of the nation of which they had so recently been the head. The would-be assassinator was a misguided Frenchman who had deemed it his special mission to exterminate the direct heir to the throne of the Tuileries. To make the story short, after keeping the man in 'durance vile' for a short time, he was handed over to me, together with the sum of three hundred francs. I then escorted him to Dover, and placed him on board a boat which would land him on French soil."

"Yes, he certainly might consider himself very fortunate; but the sequel was a happy one, for we were never again troubled with him. Perhaps the forbearance showed him then cured him of his murderous propensities."

"But have you not for some considerable time been responsible for the safety of her Majesty when travelling on the Continent, Mr. Greenham?"

"Oh, yes! It was in the year 1879 I was selected for that special duty, and ever since that period I have always accompanied the Queen."

"I remember, some time ago," I interpolated, "seeing in the columns of the daily papers that when you were with her Majesty at Darmstadt his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hesse had bestowed upon you a decoration."

"I have it here," said Mr. Greenham; "perhaps you would like to see it. It is the decoration known as the Knight of the Order of Philip (second class); and here is another which, perhaps, may interest you, which was bestowed upon me by the late Alexander II. of Russia." This was a very massive and—to us—unusually large gold medal, the broad riband to which is worn suspended round the neck. "The fact is, I have received many commendations, recognitions of my services, and valuable mementoes, all of which I, of course, prize most highly; the last one being a framed photograph of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, presented by her Majesty the Queen."

"And I suppose that your time between her Majesty's journeyings has been very fully taken up with the work of the department at Scotland Yard to which you were attached?"

"Well, yes; there are many cases I could tell you of which have not only taken up a great deal of time, but have been a great tax upon my energies—requiring, as they did, such wary treatment, on account of the particularly skilful crimes to be elucidated and criminals to be brought to justice. Numberless cases have been those of English forgers and gigantic robberies; but perhaps my chief cases have been those coming under the Extradition Treaty between Great Britain and the Continental Powers. My knowledge of languages has here been much to my advantage in following up the clues and bringing me to a successful issue in numbers of serious bond and jewel robberies. I am happy to say that in several instances I have been enabled to recover the whole of the property stolen. It fell to my lot to bring the perpetrators of the great Russian rouble forgeries to justice; these forgeries, commencing in 1878 and spreading over some subsequent years, will be still fresh in the minds of the commercial public. It was a tangle that required a great deal of unravelling, but, fortunately, I was eminently successful in bringing the forgeries to light."

Mr. Greenham is now retiring on a pension, after nearly twenty-seven years' service in the Criminal Investigation Department, of which he has been Chief Inspector for the last sixteen years. Many of his reminiscences are of the utmost interest, and many an anecdote can he tell respecting the various royalties of Europe, so immediate has been his contact with these august personages. Not always noticeable to the casual observer, yet when with the Queen he was continually at his post; always in attendance, from the time of her Majesty's getting up until the hour of her retiring, whether inside the palaces, driving through the grounds in her donkey-carriage, or taking more extensive drives by road, Mr. Greenham was not very far off.

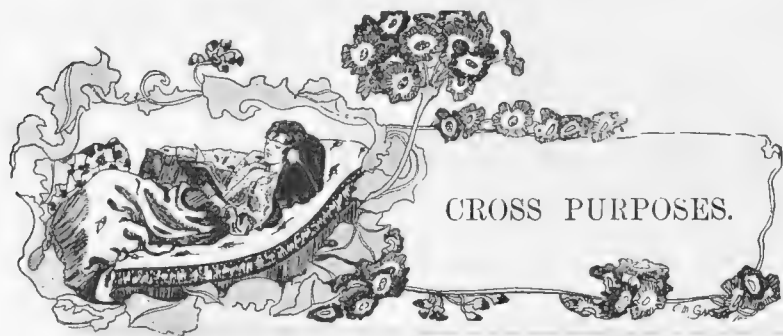
A most responsible and trying position for any man to occupy, and one requiring great nerve, immense readiness of resource, an unflinching memory of faces, and a quick reader of personal characteristics. Soldiers and police may guard, but their presence is visible to any would-be molester or crazy bearer of petitions or suppliant for the redressing of fancied wrongs. Against all these annoyances Mr. Greenham has had to be continually on the alert, a post the responsibilities of which few would be capable of assuming.

Mr. Greenham's reminiscences—some of a serious nature, and many highly amusing, as well as memories of various members of the Royal Family now dead, and anecdotes of those still living—would fill a large volume. Some of these the late Chief Inspector, in collaboration with a well-known writer, will shortly place before the public.



MR. GREENHAM.

Photo by Treble, Brerton, S.W.



CHARACTERS: PHILIP CHESTERN (*aged thirty-eight*); MRS. CHESTERN (*aged eighteen*); MR. EDWARD WARWICK (*aged thirty-seven*).

SCENE I.: *A poor London lodging.*

MRS. CHESTERN. What do you mean, Philip?

PHILIP CHESTERN. What do I mean?

MRS. C. Yes, you said something just now about being a fool to have married on nothing.

P. C. Well, a most sensible remark.

MRS. C. (*with a little laugh*). Am I so expensive?

P. C. (*coldly*). Of course, *two* people are more difficult to provide for than one.

MRS. C. But husbands always do work for their wives.

P. C. (*irritably*). Well, I never said they didn't. Your arguments are so childish.

MRS. C. You are always saying that. You forget I am a little younger than you, Philip.

P. C. (*sarcastically*). Not for a moment. Your innocent remarks remind me of it daily.

MRS. C. Is that a compliment? If so, you should try and say it nicely, not as if you hated me.

P. C. It is as you like to take it.

MRS. C. How truly kind! How wonderfully considerate!

P. C. You shouldn't make sarcastic speeches with the corners of your mouth turned down. Sarcasm and tears don't agree.

MRS. C. (*with a little sob*). Why are you so horrid? What have I done to offend you?

P. C. Really, it is scarcely possible to make a remark in your presence; you appear to live under the impression that every word I utter is charged with some hidden insult relative to you.

MRS. C. Not very hidden.

P. C. Well, if you find my company so disagreeable, perhaps you would prefer to be without it.

MRS. C. (*candidly*). I must say I don't like you when you scold me—who would?

P. C. You are eccentric in your sensitiveness.

MRS. C. And you are the centre of egotism.

P. C. (*with a laugh*). Really, you are growing positively brilliant. I shall feel quite sorry when we part company.

MRS. C. (*slowly*). When we part company?

P. C. It is the only obvious course—we object to each other's society.

MRS. C. I don't always object to yours, Philip—only when you are ruffled.

P. C. I am truly honoured—

MRS. C. We were so happy together in the country! Do let us go back again!

P. C. You surely don't want two honeymoons?

MRS. C. It was so nice! We always agreed, and we never thought of money.

P. C. You are right. And now we have no money we never agree.

MRS. C. (*in a frightened voice*). Is it come to that?

P. C. Practically. I have only a five-pound note left, and two people cannot subsist very long on so small a sum.

MRS. C. I don't quite understand. Do you want me to go away?

P. C. No, not exactly; we might part company for a time, and if anything good turns up I'll let you know.

MRS. C. But I have no money. I shall starve.

P. C. Oh no, you won't. You'll easily get some employment. Pretty girls always land on their feet.

MRS. C. (*with tearful eyes*). But I know nothing. What could I teach?

P. C. (*who feels quite happy now that the ice is broken*). No, I shouldn't advise teaching, but there are hundreds of other professions open to you. For instance, you might learn to cycle, and then instruct others in the art.

MRS. C. So that is the kind of occupation you think I am fit for, Philip?

P. C. Beggars can't be choosers.

MRS. C. I think you must be mad, Philip, or possessed by some evil spirit.

P. C. (*getting up*). Half-a-dozen, most probably.

MRS. C. You want to cast me off; you find me a hindrance. You should have thought of that before.

P. C. It would have been all right if we had had enough money, but what's the use of us both starving?

MRS. C. (*with a laugh*). You imply that one of us will.

P. C. Not if we separate.

MRS. C. You are wonderfully selfish.

P. C. (*resolutely*). Look, here is some money for you. Now, good-bye.

MRS. C. (*suddenly*). Don't go, Philip. Don't leave me alone. I can't bear it.

P. C. I am driven to it by pure necessity. It's only for a time, perhaps.

MRS. C. Do you think I would ever forgive you after this? I hope I shall never see you again.

P. C. (*as he shuts the door*). Your wish will, in all probability, be realised.

SCENE II.

EDWARD WARWICK (*as he crosses Kensington Gardens*). Ah, there's poor Mrs. Chestern. I must speak to her, or would she think it too soon after Chestern's death? (*He hesitates, uncertain what to do.*)

MRS. CHESTERN (*coming up to him*). Mr. Warwick, I thought you were going to cut me.

E. W. (*taking her hand*). Cut you! My only wish was to speak to you, to tell you how deeply I sympathise with you in your great trouble.

MRS. C. (*who is unaware of her husband's death, and imagines E. W. is alluding to his cruel desertion*). You are very kind. What would you advise me to do?

E. W. It is necessary for you to work? Your husband has not provided for you?

MRS. C. (*with some bitterness*). He left me a mere pittance.

E. W. (*gently*). I fear you will find it a hard struggle.

MRS. C. Yes, everything is gone.

E. W. I should advise change of scene and complete rest.

MRS. C. I cannot afford it. I am practically a pauper.

E. W. You have relations?

MRS. C. How could I ask them for help?

E. W. Then, Mrs. Chestern, let me, as an old friend, have the honour and privilege of—

MRS. C. (*quickly*). No, no! How could I accept money from another man after what has happened?

E. W. I don't follow you.

MRS. C. You consider I should be justified in accepting your help?

E. W. In the present circumstances, most assuredly.

MRS. C. I cannot agree with you.

E. W. (*with a sudden impulse*). Then let me work for you. Let me have the right to take care of you!

MRS. C. How dare you insult me!

E. W. Ah, I should not have spoken so soon.

MRS. C. You, whom I thought my friend.

E. W. You are a little hard upon me.

MRS. C. You are much to be pitied.

E. W. I think you are inconsistent in your anger.

MRS. C. It is not for you to tell me so.

E. W. I see it was my fault. But I was so anxious to help you, and marriage seemed the only remedy.

MRS. C. You seem to forget, Mr. Warwick, that, though Philip has deserted me, we are yet legally married.

E. W. You mean to say he has left you—

MRS. C. Yes; I thought everyone knew. You appeared to be very well up in the facts.

E. W. I was alluding to his—his death.

MRS. C. (*in a far-away voice*). To his death?

E. W. Is it possible that you do not know?

MRS. C. (*half aloud, half to herself*). Philip dead! Are you sure? It can't be true.

E. W. I fear, only too true. The omnibus on which he was, turned over, and when they took him up they found the injuries he had received were fatal.

MRS. C. Why did no one tell me?

E. W. I cannot imagine, unless they were unaware of your existence.

MRS. C. It seems so strange for my husband to die, and I know nothing about it.

E. W. And I broke it to you so roughly.

MRS. C. (*in the same sad, hopeless way*). He never really cared for me, and I am afraid I often bored him. Poor, poor Philip! but he is free now, I shall never trouble him again.

E. W. (*quickly*). It is you who are free. You were the one who was wronged.

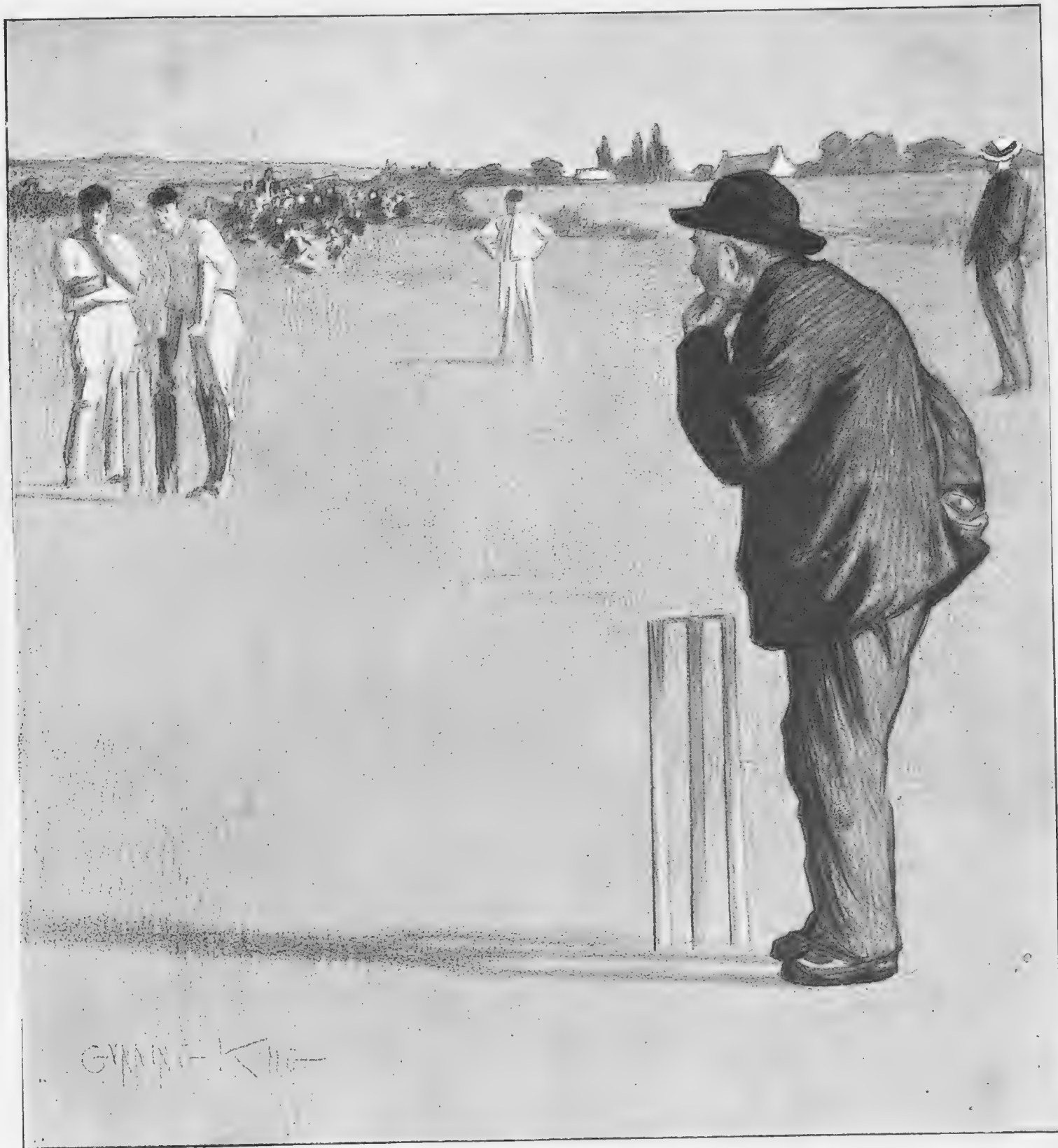
MRS. C. (*with a sudden, passionate outburst*). I don't want my freedom! I don't want to be alone! I have no friends, and now I have no husband.

E. W. (*sadly*). I suppose I am of no account—merely an acquaintance?

MRS. C. You are kind to me out of charity.

E. W. (*gently taking her hand*). What is charity but love?

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BATSMAN (*taking guard*): What guard is that, Umpire?

RUSTIC UMPIRE: Yer can't better it, Zur.

BATSMAN: But what is it?

RUSTIC UMPIRE: Yer can't better it, Zur.

BATSMAN (*getting irate*): But what is it—middle, leg, or what?

RUSTIC UMPIRE: Well, I be damned if I knows!



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



RAB

AT THE RACES.

SMITH : Poor Bageley was a fine judge.
JONES : Of horses ?
SMITH : Whisky.



"But, if you are so hard up, why do you keep so many servants?"

"To borrow from."

OUR WOMEN COMPOSERS.

MISS LIZA LEHMANN.

My first recollection of Miss Liza Lehmann is a little remote (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). I was at a concert given at the Grosvenor Gallery, and a pale, mystical girl, who might have crept out of a lovely



MISS LIZA LEHMANN.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Française promised to play in London, yet did not, but also of a volume of shocking stories. After the Grosvenor Gallery episode I heard the fascinating singer many a time.

However, it was not until a little while ago that I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Lehmann, one of our few singers with sufficient honesty and artistic taste to shun the disgraceful royalty-ballad that has been the shame of our days. I found her in the beautiful drawing-room of her father's house; round her and me were such pictures as one would expect to find in the home of so great an artist as Rudolf Lehmann.

I could not help speaking to my charming subject about her singing, although, since her marriage with Mr. Bedford, she has given up using her voice in public, taking the view, in which I heartily agree, that it is very difficult, if possible, for a woman to harmonise home-life with a career on the platform or in the theatre. I learnt from her that her teachers have been Randegger and her mother, of whom she spoke with affection and respect.

"During your work as composers," I asked, "is it not troublesome for you and your husband to be in one house?" for I knew that Mr. Bedford, an able musician, is engaged on an opera on Kit Marlowe.

"Really," she answered, "I am afraid you attach too much importance to my efforts. The most valuable work that I have done has been in unearthing at the British Museum some Old English melodies, and amplifying the, in some cases, rather bare accompaniments."

"But how about your very own works?"

"I have written some German and some English songs."

"Is not 'La Charmante Marguerite' yours? It is very pretty."

"No, it is a genuine old French melody, and my mother merely arranged an accompaniment for it. I have lately written some musical duologues, one of which is 'The Secrets of the Heart,' being a setting of one of Austin Dobson's 'Proverbs in Porcelain.' Dr. Osmond Carr had arranged for its production at the German Reeds'. The others are not yet published. My latest work has been a delightful task—that is, setting a cycle of songs from the 'Rubaiyat' for four voices."

"To what," I asked, "do you ascribe your interest and taste in music?"

"Oh, heredity, decidedly. My mother, who is the daughter of Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, is an admirable musician. My grandmother was a famous amateur singer; and then, you see, I am a mixture of two musical races, Scotch on the one side, German on the other. My actual teaching in composition reflects my origin, for I have studied under Freudenberg and MacCunn; in Rome, I had advice from Raunkilde."

"What is your ideal in composition?" I asked.

"What a difficult question! Is it not a question of taste or bias rather than ideal? I simply take any poem that charms me—I have not the courage to say inspires—and try faithfully to express in music the feelings that it causes in me. I am afraid that is very vague; but, at least, I do try to avoid commonplace, obvious prettiness, and to eschew the devices of the popular balladmonger."

A casual question about poetry led to a chat about books, in the course of which I learnt that Mr. Barry Pain is her brother-in-law, and Mrs. Henry Norman—"The Girl in the Karpathians"—is a cousin

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LX.—"SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE" AND MR. BURLINGAME.

Never did an editor come into an office better equipped for his work than Mr. Edward L. Burlingame. An editor must be not only a scholar, but he must be a man of the world, a man who belongs to clubs, who knows men and who has travelled. It has been said that the Messrs. Scribner started the present *Scribner's Magazine* because they had such an admirable man for editor already on their staff. It was wasting an opportunity not to put such editorial talent in an editorial chair. So *Scribner's Magazine* was started with Mr. Burlingame as editor-in-chief.

Your representative called upon Mr. Burlingame at his office in the Scribner Building on Fifth Avenue, New York, and found him in most comfortable quarters. The general impression is that editors do their editorial work in "dens" in which spiders weave webs and dinginess and disorder prevail. There was a time, perhaps, when this was the case, but that time has long since passed. The modern editor's office is as comfortable, and often as elegant, as the library of a private house. The windows of Mr. Burlingame's office give out upon Fifth Avenue, and he has plenty of light and air, commodities that are not to be despised even in New York. The walls of the office are hung with pictures, and well-filled cases of books give the literary touch to its appearance. The editor sits at an ample desk, which is remarkably neat for an editorial desk, and rises from a luxurious chair to greet the visitor. When asked for some facts concerning his life, Mr. Burlingame smiled a deprecatory smile, and said that there was nothing in his life that could be of any possible interest to the general public. He was born, went to school, then to college; travelled, came home, and went to work, and had been working ever since. Those were the bald facts, but the details are more interesting. Mr. Burlingame was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1848, under the very shadow of the State House dome, a distinction that has no doubt made him the object of envy in his native city. After the manner of all right-minded young Bostonians, he entered Harvard University. He did not, however, graduate there, but left to go to China as the private secretary of his father, the late Anson L. Burlingame, who had just been appointed United States Minister to that country. After leaving his father's service he went to Heidelberg and took his degree. For a year or more he lived in Berlin, where he met the most interesting men at that capital. Several years were spent in travelling abroad, making valuable friendships and cultivating himself generally. Then he returned to the United States, and accepted the position of associate literary critic of the *Tribune*, Mr. George Ripley being the critic-in-chief. Journalism, even in this agreeable department, was not altogether to Mr. Burlingame's taste. Mr. Ripley was at that time associated with Mr. Charles A. Dana as editor of the American "Cyclopædia," and it was through Mr. Ripley that he was offered a position on that publication. When the "Cyclopædia" was completed, Mr. Burlingame remained for a while with the Messrs. Appleton, its publishers, as literary critic of *Appleton's Journal*, since deceased. Through his friendship with Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, who was then associated with the late Mr. William Cullen Bryant in writing a history of the United States, Mr. Burlingame was offered a position with the Messrs. Scribner.

He helped Mr. Gay on the history, and when that was completed he remained with its publishers as literary adviser—or editor, as it is called in England. In the course of a few years *Scribner's Magazine* was started; this was, I believe, in 1886, and Mr. Burlingame was its editor from the beginning.

If you should ask Mr. Burlingame to name his policy in editing *Scribner's Magazine*, he would in all probability tell you that the only policy he had was to make a readable magazine, and that he has succeeded well in doing. *Scribner's* sprang full-armed into the fray. Its Gatling Gun was the Thackeray-Brookfield Letters. With these it took two continents by storm. They gave a distinct literary flavour to the magazine that it has always maintained. Commercially also, I am told, *Scribner's* has been an assured success from the first number. This is certainly a record to be proud of, and it is the result of the editor's policy—to make a thoroughly readable magazine, and not be hampered by any cast-iron rules.



MR. EDWARD L. BURLINGAME.

Photo by Parker, New Jersey.

THE OPERA SEASON.

And so the Opera Season is dead, and the band of singers that have filled so many gay hours are dispersed all Europe over, and the hand that brought them together lies impotent and cold. The new things of the season were confined entirely to the singers who have been introduced to London and to familiar singers who have appeared in new parts. For the most part the new singers have not been of a quality to set the Thames on fire. Madame Mantelli has been the chief novelty in the soprano line, and it cannot be denied that she possesses a very powerful



MADAME MANTELLI.
Photo by Dupont, New York.

voice indeed, and plenty of dramatic impulse. If her notes lack charm and refinement, they have strength and passion, and her stage manner has greatly improved with the progress of the season. Born in Naples, she comes from a musical family, her father having been a professor of singing and the pianoforte. From the age of six she was accustomed to practise the piano daily; but the child's taste inclined towards the vocal art, and at twelve she commenced singing-lessons. Shortly afterwards she entered the Conservatoire at Milan, where she studied under Madame Filippi. At this period her voice was a deep contralto; but it subsequently developed into a mezzo-soprano. She made her first appearance on the stage in Massenet's opera of "Le Roi de Lahore"; this was followed by her performance of Siebel, after which she was specially engaged for the Opera at Lisbon, where she stayed two seasons, singing with great success the contralto rôles in "Les Huguenots" and "Lucrezia Borgia" with Gayarré. During this engagement she was presented by the Queen of Portugal with a valuable bracelet. She subsequently appeared and met with much success at Berlin in "Norma" and "Il Trovatore." She then went to South America, and sang at Rio Janeiro and St. Paul, after which she returned to her native country. This was followed by another tour in South America with Stagno, Bellincioni, and Ravelli. The next season saw Madame Mantelli again in South America with Impresario Ferrari, the troupe including Masini and Battestini. The season lasted four months, Madame Mantelli appearing in "Aida," "Lohengrin," and "La Favorita." It was during this tour that Madame Mantelli married Signor Mantovani, a wealthy Italian engineer residing in Buenos Ayres. After her marriage she retired from the stage, but, her husband meeting with reverses, she resumed operatic work, and made her reappearance at Florence with Masini; she subsequently accepted an engagement at Moscow to sing in "Le Prophète" with Tamagno. Madame Mantelli formed one of the famous operatic troupe engaged by Messrs. Abbey and Grau for a lengthened tour throughout the United States last autumn.

Signor Cremonini was the chief acquisition among the new tenors, and although his first performances were not received with any particular show of favour either by the critical or by the outside public, he has, by dint of perseverance and by gradually shaking himself rid of an unhappily nervous manner, taken a pleasant and agreeable rank among the singers of the season; while his acting and singing of the last act of "Mefistofele" showed an artistic promise—he is still but youthful—which may be trusted to come to some rare fruit in a part wholly suited to his manner and disposition. Miss Margaret Reid, who has taken the parts of Michaela, Nedda, and Zerlina, among other

characters, has proved herself to be the possessor of a sweetly attractive voice, which is not, however, by any means large enough for the roomy spaces of Covent Garden. Of Signor Lucignani mention has already been made, and among other new singers the name of Miss Jessie Hudleston must be recorded, who in one or two small parts was quite charming both in manner and in voice.

The triumph of the season has, of course, been "Tristan und Isolde," played in German, with the part of Tristan taken by Jean de Reszke. His splendid interpretation of this character has been already mentioned in these columns, and it may suffice to say now that, although he has given us during these brief weeks as fine a Walther ("Die Meistersinger"), as fine a Romeo, and as fine a Faust as man could wish to see, it remains a fact—the expression is stolen from Madame Melba—that until you have heard Jean de Reszke's Tristan you cannot have any true idea of the extent of his vocal and dramatic powers. If only Melba herself had been his Isolde! But that wonderful and consummate vocalist has contented herself—noting the one very trifling exception of "Manon"—with playing all her old parts: Lucia, Juliette, Gilda, and the rest, leaving to Madame Albani and Madame Eames the honours of all the Wagnerian rôles save one; Madame Eames, indeed, particularly as Eva ("Die Meistersinger"), has more than enhanced her reputation in this country. Then M. Edouard de Reszke has gained great honours in the part of Hans Sachs, honours which he has richly deserved, while throughout the season he has never ceased to prove his great artistic qualities. Mr. Bispham has gone forward from victory to victory, more especially in his wonderful interpretation of the part of Peter in "Hänsel and Gretel" and as Kurwenal in "Tristan"; one's only regret is that he has not been heard more frequently. M. Alvarez, whose Siegmunde ("Die Walküre") was among the recent vocal sensations here, has again proved himself the greatly passionate artist of distinguished voice, who seems to improve with each succeeding year; his fourth act of "Carmen" and his third act of "Tannhäuser" are, without any doubt, unrivalled. Plançon and Signor Ancona have repeated old vocal triumphs, and have well deserved all the praises they have won; Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan has again played her admirable Carmen; Miss Macintyre has been uniformly successful



MR. BISPHAM AS WOLFRAM IN "TANNHÄUSER."
Photo by Hana, Strand.

in the parts she has undertaken, and the refined services of both Madame Bauermeister and M. Bonnard have been quite indispensable. Signor Mancinelli's reputation as a conductor has advanced by leaps and bounds, while that of Signor Bevignani has not grown appreciably less. It has been, on the whole, a very busy and a highly successful season.

A GIVE AWAY.

HE: I wonder if that chair is big enough for two?
SHE (inadvertently): Oh, yes; I know it is.—Life.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: To-day, 8.40; to-morrow, 8.38; Friday, 8.37; Saturday, 8.35; Sunday, 8.33; Monday, 8.31; and Tuesday, 8.29.

The three cyclists whose portraits we publish began their pedalling tour round the world on July 17 last. Mr. Edward Lunn is a brother of Dr. Lunn, the editor of *Travel* and President of the Grindelwald Conference. He has already covered many miles on his machine at one time and another, and the same may be said of his companions, Mr. John Foster Fraser and Mr. F. H. Lowe. Their machines are "Rovers," especially built for expedition, and fitted with tandem Dunlop tyres—that is to say, Dunloptyres of double strength. Each man has with him a score of extra spokes, some extra rubber, and a carefully selected repair outfit; likewise two woollen coats, two woollen shirts—which latter have sleeves buttoning tight at the wrists, in order to defend the skin against mosquitos, &c.—a cummerbund to be worn next to the skin, and a light pair of brown shoes. Also, the party have cameras. Their heavy baggage has been sent on to Odessa.

With regard to the route, the first day's work takes the three to Harwich, a distance of seventy miles. Thence they go by boat to Antwerp, cycle to Brussels, and then proceed to Cologne, to Vienna, to Buda-Pesth, and to Odessa, which last-named town they hope to reach within six weeks after the date of their departure. They intend then to follow the great high-road over the Caucasus, to drop down into Tiflis, and to travel thence to Teheran and Ispahan. After that, if fortune favours them, they will succeed in reaching the Persian Gulf. From the Gulf they mean to go to India, where they hope to arrive in January next. The journey across Northern India to Calcutta ought not, they think, to occupy more than three months if the weather proves



Mr. Lowe. Mr. Lunn. Mr. Fraser.
Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

favourable. From Calcutta they may scorch down to Burma and take ship from Rangoon to Hong-Kong, or they may sail direct from Calcutta. Upon leaving Hong-Kong they will pedal away to Canton and to Peking. Yokohama will be the next stopping-place, where already bicycles are largely in vogue. They will then travel through Japan, and make Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne. From Melbourne they go to San Francisco, perhaps *via* New Zealand, from San Francisco across the Rockies, and through the Eastern and Western States to New York, and from New York they will sprint back to London, arriving probably by the Old Kent Road. It all sounds very nice and very feasible, and we are told that these sanguine pedal-pushers expect to complete "the girdling of the world" within two years. That their expectation may be fulfilled and their pluck rewarded is the sincere wish of all readers of *The Sketch*.

No doubt many of my readers are contemplating a tour in Scotland, or an autumn sojourn in some Highland shooting-lodge, and the bicycle is now as much an ordinary item of the travelling impedimenta as the gentleman's portmanteau or the lady's bonnet-box. But the question becomes of great moment—What sort of roads shall we find in Scotland? The answer is contained in an admirable little book, recently published by Gall and Inglis, Edinburgh, "The Contour Road-Book of Scotland." Its object

is to give the contour of the roads over which a cyclist may wish to ride, and the nature of the route may be understood at a glance. It is a remarkably clever work, the outcome of years of patient labour, and is embellished with twenty maps, in addition to nearly five hundred diagrams of roads.

It may be of interest to cyclists to know that the Courtown Harbour Knitting Industry, of which Lady Charlotte Stopford is the head, supply



SOME OFFICERS AT ALDERSHOT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WYRALL, ALDERSHOT.

cycling-stockings at very moderate prices. The work, which is done entirely by the wives of the Courtown Harbour fishermen, is carried out under the personal supervision of Lady Charlotte herself. Patterns sent to Courtown are carefully copied, and the cycling-stockings can be made with or without fancy tops. Letters should be addressed to Lady Charlotte Stopford, Courtown House, Gorey, Ireland.

An excellent "Cyclists' Route Map of England and Wales" has just been issued by Upcott Gill, of *Exchange and Mart* notoriety. The scale is fifteen miles to the inch, and the map shows us almost instantaneously the shortest road from London to Edinburgh, to Glasgow, to Holyhead, to Milford Haven, Land's End, Norwich, or any other part of England, Scotland, or Wales. The distances are also clearly set forth, and thirty different routes, which embrace among them almost every town of importance, are drawn up on the map itself. Red lines mark the chief turnpike roads, black lines the railways. This is one of the best cheap maps as yet published. It may be obtained at 170, Strand.

Cycling is a pastime on which the sun never sets. Even Japan has caught the craze; the only great drawback is that, except in Yokohama and Tokio, the roads are so terribly bad all over the country, being very narrow and full of big ruts. Of course, the national costume prevents the Japanese ladies from indulging in the popular exercise. The poor little things have to content themselves with looking on longingly at the European ladies wheeling in the gardens of the British Legation in Tokio. I hear that, in the intervals of their hard work, the members and officials at the Legation spend much time in teaching the fair foreigners to ride "bikes." The timid globe-trotter going up to consult the Minister on business is often scared by flying forms disappearing round the shrubberies or vanishing in a cloud of cherry-blossom.

Apropos of Japan, I may refer to an original way of learning to ride. A long bamboo pole is fixed to the handle-bar, projecting on either side; each end is held by a Coolie, and the learner is thus enabled to maintain her balance without being caught round the waist and nearly smothered by the instructor. Let jealous husbands take a hint, and insist on their wives learning *à la mode Japonaise*.

A well-known lady cyclist told me a short time ago that she had a lovely ride, starting from Capel Curig, North Wales, and spinning straight down the Nant Francon Pass without a brake. This is a most daring exploit; but she is a very graceful and first-rate rider. I would not advise many of my lady friends to follow her example, unless they are very sure of their cycling powers.

No one need despair of learning to cycle. Lately I saw a one-legged man astride a wheel. The machine had but one crank, and the rider had his crutch strapped to the handle-bar. A man without legs may sometimes be seen riding in London. His machine is, of course, a peculiar sort of one, manipulated by means of hand-levers.

Owing probably to the twenty-four hours' cycling race at Herne Hill for the Cuca Cup, to the twenty-four hours' race at Wood Green, to the cycling sports held at Ranelagh, and to similar counter attractions,

the gathering of the Wheel Club at Hereford House, South Kensington, on the occasion of the Club Gymkhana, was not so well attended as it would have been under ordinary circumstances. Nevertheless, all the events passed off satisfactorily. Much amusement was created among the ladies by the strenuous endeavours of male competitors in the hat-trimming race to decorate becomingly, in the shortest possible time, a lady's plain straw hat. Each competitor had to ride a certain distance, trim the hat, and ride round the track again. Everybody spent a very pleasant afternoon, and it is hoped that next season the club will be patronised even better than has been the case this year.

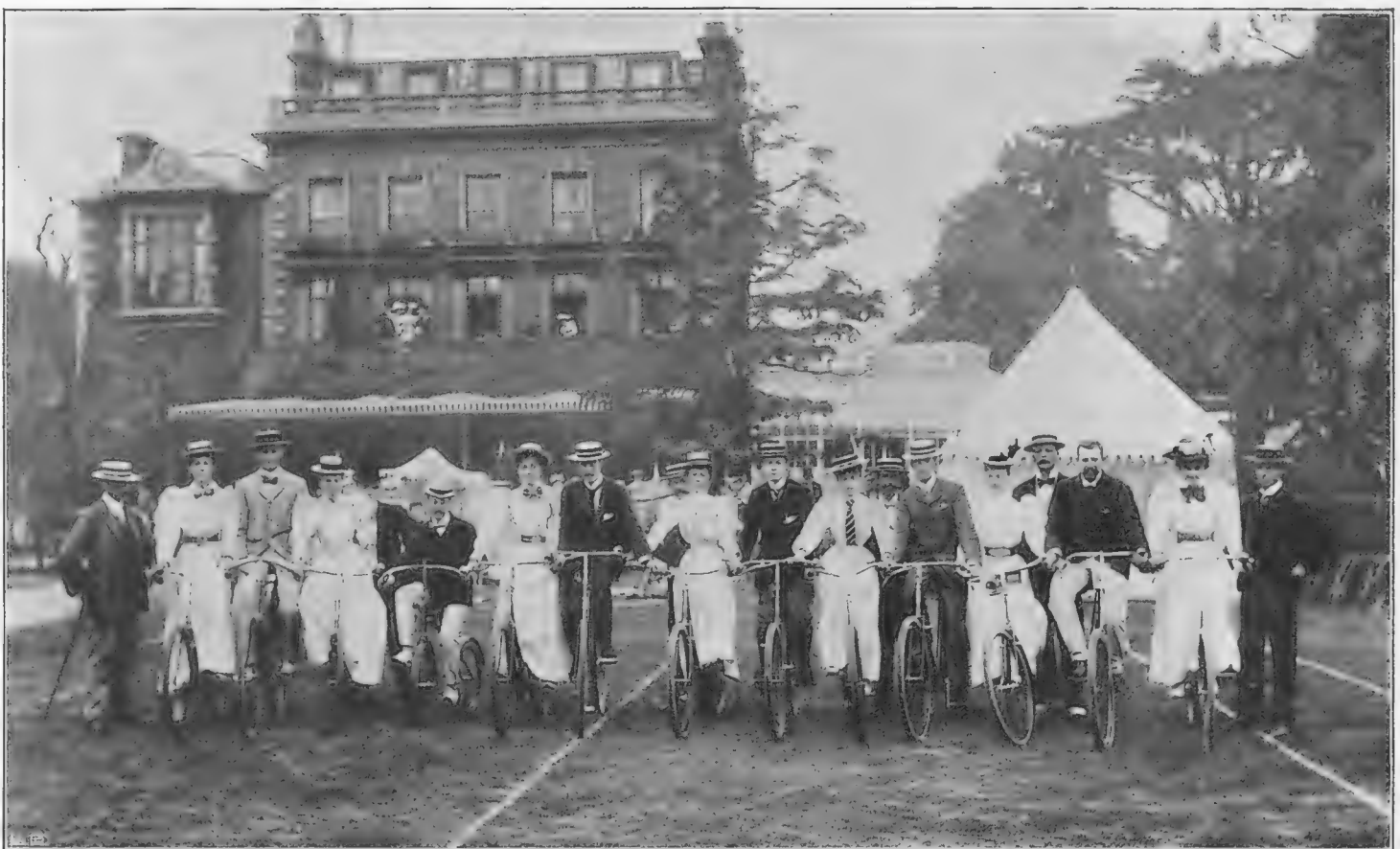
A bicycle fête was held the other day in Barrow in aid of local charities. I have since heard that four members of the North Lonsdale Harriers ran by the side of all the cyclists, collecting the money given by the spectators, and that they got the very respectable sum of thirteen pounds. The illustration shows one of the prize-winners.

In the current number of that excellent sporting periodical, the *Badminton Magazine*, Mr. W. Hay Fea discusses the question of grace in cycling and how to attain it, in a letter to lady beginners. He contends that when lovely woman stoops to cycle she commits a folly. In cycling there need be no stooping, either physical or moral. The hollow of the back should be maintained as a hollow, and not humped up backwards, but the whole body should lean slightly forward, and the hands should lightly lean on the handle-bar and not pull against it. The cause of stooping is generally occasioned by the saddle being placed too low and too far back. Mr. Fea holds that the proper position of the saddle is for the peak of it to be about an inch behind a perpendicular drawn from the centre of the crank-axle, for in this position the muscles of the leg can best use their power; but you must read the article for yourselves.



A PRIZE-WINNER AT THE BARROW FÊTE.

Photo by Davis and Son, Barrow.



THE WHEEL CLUB.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. W. COOK.

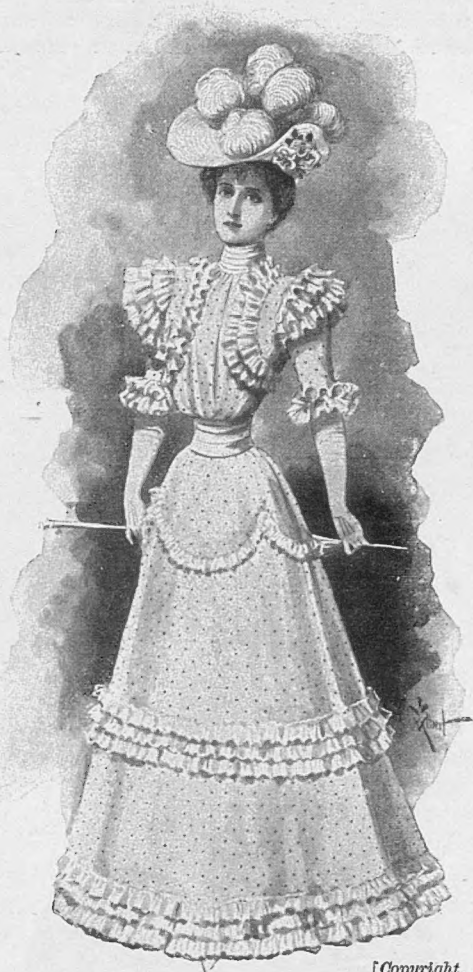
**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AT SPA AND SEASIDE.

The Prince's anticipated arrival at Homburg on Aug. 14 has given the gay world—which includes so many butterflies of all ranks on its roll-call—the réveille, and already people are besieging that most courteous of proprietors, Carl Ritter, for dates and fixtures for luncheon and breakfast parties on his famous verandah. A few years back it was the smart young American damsel, fully equipped for the war-path by Parisian modistes, who took the little Taunus town by storm. Now we Englishers make a very presentable aspect, I am refreshed to notice, and,



[Copyright.]

IN THE PARK AT HOMBURG.

if for nothing else, really owe our attractive transatlantic cousins some gratitude, seeing that they have so successfully awakened our spirit of sartorial—I will not say other—rivalry. Homburg is, in fact, so frankly devoted to the pomps and vanities that one dares not venture thither without a wardrobe. However satisfactory to ourselves the season's successes may have seemed, here we meet the cream—or froth—of international society and smartness, so that our insular achievements in dressmaking must be of the very best and latest if we would seek favourable notice from the learned in such arts. And as a consequence, garments which have stood a three months' siege at home are quite out of court in the sense of being abroad which a month at Homburg entails. Therefore have I been at some pains to show three designs which have been specially prepared for this annual festival of frocks. The first, an exceedingly effective combination of pink silk under *écru* muslin spotted with black, is in the *trousseau* of a last week's bride and intended to make its "entrance" at a forthcoming afternoon dance in the hospitable house of a well-known Frankfort host. The little bolero, with its double row of short frills, is much assisted in its jaunty effect by the tightly folded waist-belt of pale-green satin, also reproduced at the neck. A wonderfully pretty hat of the "picture" shape, with white plumes and a *cache-peigne* of pink roses, is daintily shaded by a pink-lined parasol of *écru* silk, the handle being a treasure-trove of the Louisen Strasse, its jade hilt studded with turquoise and pearls. These two charming visions in the second sketch are a type of what is very frequently in evidence on the Kursaal terrace at band-time, the mother scarcely older than her daughter, the daughter scarcely younger than her mother, both equally frivolous and fascinating in their various methods—Madame Mère in ample skirts of pale-mauve faille shot with blue and amber, which seductive triplet of colour is excellently contrasted with the Charlotte Corday fichu of black mousseline de soie edged with a short fringe of jet paillettes. At both sides of skirt a frilling of the accordion-pleated mousseline is edged with fine ivory-coloured point de Venise, a treatment continued at the sleeves, which end at the elbow to meet gloves of light tan or black suède. The bonnet, pointed about the fringe, shows a wreath of pink

roses, with a folded *couronne* of black velvet, black feathers and aigrette. In charming contrast to these rich maternal materials is the white silk muslin frock of the *jeune fille* in picture. On the skirt are insertion and little edgings of inch-wide Valenciennes, which show very prettily over the under-dress of cherry-coloured silk. A tucked corsage is further adorned with tiny lines of narrow black velvet, the low-cut neck and waistband being of black mousseline over cherry-coloured silk, with a frilled sash reaching to the end of skirt. A white chip hat, with black feathers and a paste buckle in front, sets exceedingly well on the damsel's dainty head, giving its *cache-peigne* of cherry-coloured ribbon, becomingly tucked under the brim, a finishing touch of perfection. Crape seems at the moment to be in favour with smart Parisian modistes. I have seen two dresses of that softly clinging material, which are now bestowed in trunks that are *en route* for a festive six weeks at Aix, beloved alike of the robust, the frisky, and the valetudinarian. One of these frocks is a dark-blue China crape, the skirt gathered loosely over a transparency of taffetas in the same colour. Black Chantilly lace insertion trims the end of skirt above a ruching of blue mousseline de soie. This trimming, combined at both sides, forms a lozenge pattern round back of skirt. An ivory mousseline de soie bodice is worn under the popular bolero of China crape, which forms points in front and over the shoulders, as in the case of several gowns in Princess Maud's *trousseau*. A pretty neck-trimming is made of crenolated China crape edged with narrow silk ruchings over a collarette of openwork lawn. The waistband, of blue satin ribbon, is tied twice round the waist, and fastened with four small rosettes, in the centre of each being a large single pearl. Another gay gown for *table d'hôte* is of old pink China crape, over a separate skirt of the same shade in silk, which is trimmed with a wide butterfly *ruche* of the taffetas. The bodice, veiled with accordion-pleated pink chiffon, is blouse-shaped in front, and down both middle of front, back, and sleeves has a broad design of *écru* Vosges lace. Over the shoulders a fichu of pink crape is fastened in front with a spray of La France roses.

On Saturday a special programme was arranged at Ranelagh in honour of the royal visit, and added to the attractions of the Musical Lancers, ridden by ladies, which the Princess had much desired to see. A Gymkhana, including many amusing items, was greatly enjoyed by



[Copyright.]

ON THE KURSAAL TERRACE AT HOMBURG.

the royal party, particularly the Victoria Cross race, in which many eccentric-looking dummies played a part. The polo scurry was an exciting contest, because of the large number of entries, and a cup given by the Prince of Wales was presented, among other prizes, later in the afternoon by the Princess of Wales. The Blue Hungarian Band, not being to the manner born of Lancers, played weird waltz-music during the bicycle lancers, after which event an exciting polo match between over *versus* under thirty was played by Lords Shrewsbury and Southampton, Messrs. Court and E. Miller, on one side, and another

notable quartette of sportsmen, Messrs. G. Miller, Sheppard, Buckmaster, and Captain Ellison, on another. The Princess of Wales wore black and white silk, the Princesses Thyra and Ingeborg of Denmark were dressed alike in ivory silk frocks and hats trimmed with pink roses and ribbon. Princess Victoria of Wales in a light striped silk looked exceedingly well, as did the Duchess of Sparta in mauve, with a large hat to match. Altogether the day was on all accounts a gala one, and Lord Ava's well-supported exertions accounted for one of the gayest gatherings Ranelagh members can remember.

Although not persuaded that yellow is the most alluring colour in the calendar, I was particularly affected by the harmony concluded between that tone and a brilliant brunette on the lawn of the Riverside Club at Maidenhead Regatta on Thursday. It was a foulard printed in colours, the prevailing one being a soft amber on a white ground—the bodice gathered, as was the skirt, and attached to it at the waist. In front this opened at the neck to show cascades of frilled white mousseline de soie. The upper part of bodice was of foulard, the lower of guipure, through which ran yellow satin ribbon tied prettily at one side and ending in a large bow.

Embroidered linen gowns are a useful novelty of these early autumn, or rather, late summer days, and Harris, of Bond Street, has brought out charming designs in this new style of flax embroidery, which goes admirably with his Derwent linens, now so very popular because of their delicate colourings—all quite “fast,” by the way—and smooth, silky texture. A bicycle-dress made of one of these linens in tan-colour, the jacket turned back with detachable revers of white kid, was very smart. Another wheeling costume in a light-grey summer tweed of Irish manufacture was braided with silver cord, the jacket opening over a striped piqué waistcoat. The skirt, divided at the back, fell in well-arranged folds, which were weighted with shot, a fashion popularised by Princess Maud, who rides her bicycle more neatly than most women. Thomas, of Brook Street, who was responsible for the graceful lines of this costume, is at present one of the best “bicycle tailors” in town, understanding the difficult art of “hanging a skirt” to a nicety. White alpaca still maintains its popularity, and deservedly. It looks well, wears to a miracle, and easily shakes the dust of town or country from its shapely folds. One to be worn at Cowes is lined with yellow taffetas, the blouse-shaped bodice trimmed with narrow bébé velvet ribbon in pale green and edgings of the inevitable black Valenciennes. Rosettes of the velvet form a pattern at both sides, and a ruching of the alpaca, edged with the same tiny velvet, finishes the skirt.

In the matter of bathing-costumes many and wonderful are the creations of Frenchwomen with wealthy imaginations; but, as in England the social bath is yet regarded with the same awe we extended to bicycles not so very long ago, extensive preparations for the seaside jaunt do not with us include ravishing bathing-frocks in their repertoire, and beyond a white or blue serge or unshrinkable flannel, with belted tunic and ample knickerbockers, we seldom go. Cardinal-red serge and a pink lamage, specially prepared for resisting the bleaching influence of salt sea-waves, I have seen prettily made with bands of guipure insertion, under which contrasting shades of ribbon are run. Little bottines of white or blue or red canvas, with cork soles and platinum heels, are again a last device for the seaside season. Waterproofed silk handkerchiefs, made up into coquettish little caps, are also in favour. SYBIL.

CELEBRITIES' CLOTHES.

Miss Mary Moore has an enviable reputation for her smart gowns, both on and off the stage, and many are the new *modes* which have owed their first introduction to feminine notice to her—an introduction which, surrounded by the glamour of the footlights, has had a most favourable influence on their career.

Her taste, however, distinctly inclines to simple gowns, but it is that *chic* simplicity which is so distinguished; and she favours chiffon greatly—in fact, it figures prominently in almost every one of her bodices. One of her favourite gowns, and one, too, which is thoroughly typical of her style, has a skirt of pale-blue silk, with narrow encircling stripes of satin, arranged in groups of three, which divide trails of wee pink flowers. The puffed elbow-sleeves are again of the silk, but the rest of the bodice is veiled with chiffon, its soft fulness drawn into a satin waistband, where three diamond buttons flash out; and then there is some lovely yellowish lace, which forms a yoke, and collar and bretelles. With this dress Miss Moore wears a broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, trimmed in simplest fashion with a bow of white glacé and sprays of roses shading through various tones of pink.

This costume accompanies her to Switzerland, where she goes for one health-giving month before paying a round of visits in England and Scotland; and so also does that dress which is sketched for you as the very latest addition to Miss Moore's wardrobe.

It is of the finest cloth, in a darkly beautiful shade of blue, a little band of silken embroidery sewn with gold and outlined with vivid grass-green bordering the skirt, and again encircling the waist, while the same trimming adorns the quaint bolero bodice with excellent effect, some tiny gold buttons and golden loops being also added. Old lace and white satin form collar and yoke, and the elbow-sleeves, of bright-green silk, are veiled with blue accordion-pleated chiffon.

You could not imagine a more convincing exponent of the charms of the blue and green combination, especially when a blue straw hat is added, its crown surrounded by a foam of blue and white tulle, backed by a high circle of exquisitely shaded iris-flowers, while a graceful white osprey curves outwards at either side.

Then, I have most affectionate memories of a sweet muslin gown, its pale-mauve ground patterned with a quaint little design in white—a square which has altered its mind and tried to become a circle, and which encloses a tiny black spot. It has elbow-sleeves, and the bodice is covered with grass-lawn embroidered with an openwork design over white satin, while the effect is enhanced by a fine grass-lawn collar appliqué with lace. Items, a white satin collar and waistband. There is, too, a delightful and specially favoured blouse of white chiffon with sprays of flowers appliqué in yellowish lace. The sleeves are softly frilled at the shoulders and then merge into shirred tightness, this being one of the very few cases in which Miss Moore has been tempted to adopt the fashionable sleeve. As a rule, it does not meet with her entire approval.

Another blouse—where the elbow-sleeves are of the puffed variety—is in a most beautiful brocade, the pale-pink ground patterned with a lace-like design in white, and with blurred sprays of tender-blue, yellow, and pink flowers. A collar and epaulettes of old lace are caught here



[Copyright.]

MISS MARY MOORE'S LATEST GOWN.

and there with tiny bows of yellow satin ribbon, and the front is slashed with white accordion-pleated chiffon. A lovely bodice, which has its Parisian origin stamped upon it in unmistakable characters that all who see may read.

Miss Moore always has some of her gowns from Paris; but the majority she entrusts to London firms, and I may tell you that she in all cases has a great deal to say as to the style and fashion of her clothes, often providing the costumier with an original design for some special gown.

I noticed only one skirt which was made with any notable fulness, and that was in blue crêpe de Chine, and was gathered deeply over the hips. The bodice was quite simple, and relieved only by a vest of paler blue chiffon and touches of beautiful lace; but it was a notable gown, in spite of, or rather, perhaps, by reason of, its perfect simplicity; while by no means must I omit the pale-pink gauze gown flowered with deeper pink, and with leaf-green silk at neck and waist, which Miss Moore wore at the recent theatrical bazaar. That she looked particularly lovely in it you can guess.

As to the room where these things of beauty have their residence, it is a harmony in old-rose and white, half boudoir, half bed-room, and with a smaller room opening out of it, where a further array of gowns and millinery finds a place. The steel bedstead is hung round with curtains of old-rose brocade, and window-curtains—over others of white muslin—and portières are of the same softly coloured fabric, while above a deep dado of softly coloured matting the walls are flushed with palest pink. All the furniture is white, the great double wardrobe, the toilet-table, and the cosy writing-table and book-case; while the overmantel is made notable by the introduction of an exquisite water-colour by Cardinal in place of the more ordinary and conventional mirror. Above it hangs a framed satin programme, prepared for that performance of “The Squire of Dames” at Osborne which poor Prince Henry's death made impossible.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Aug. 11.

The markets for the past week have continued in a very depressed condition, especially in the South African department, and prices as a consequence have fallen away, without, however, there having been any sensational depreciation. Notwithstanding the satisfactory dividend results of the Home Railways, there is nevertheless a dull tendency in this market, and were it not for the steady investment business going on we should probably find a much greater falling away in this department. We do not look now for any marked improvement in the markets until after the holiday season. The speculative element on the Stock Exchange—an element which regulates to a great extent the market movements—does not care to leave town with heavy commitments open, as they would necessarily give rise to a certain amount of anxiety. There is, therefore, going on at present a steady liquidation of accounts, and stagnation seems to be the order of the day.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

As foreshadowed in our last issue, the creditors and shareholders of this institution have expressed themselves in favour of the scheme by an overwhelming majority of proxies at the meetings held in Melbourne on the 27th of last month. There was really no serious opposition at all. The British and Colonial creditors, holding deferred deposits of the face-value of about three millions and a quarter sterling, voted for the scheme, while the opposition was represented by £70,106. Regarding the Preference shares, there were proxies in favour of the scheme representing a face-value of £1,139,380; against it, £25,000. The Ordinary shareholders who accepted the scheme represented 124,296 shares of £10 each, and the opposition was represented by the magnificent number of 1160 shares. Could anything be more conclusive as to the opinion of the people with large stakes in the undertaking as to the advisability of assenting to the scheme?

The essential point in the whole business is this: To influential committees in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, Mr. Harper, a director of the bank, furnished by his colleagues with ample information, and put in a position to get by cable any further information that the Committees might require, satisfied them that the scheme was framed in the interests of all concerned. With the figures now before us, it is perfectly clear that it would have been not only extremely ridiculous, but also highly culpable, on the part of Mr. Harper, or the London manager of the bank, to supply such confidential information to such an insignificant minority, even if the information politely requested had been given.

AUSTRALASIAN INDEBTEDNESS.

Although it is generally known that Colonial indebtedness to the United Kingdom has run up to a considerable amount, yet we feel sure that most of our readers will be surprised to find the extent to which these figures have been piled up. The *Australasian Insurance and Banking Record* has taken the trouble to find out approximately the total public and private indebtedness of the seven Australasian Colonies to the Mother Country, and the results are very striking. Thus, we gather that the total indebtedness, exclusive of mining companies and Stock Exchange investments, reaches the enormous sum of about £316,000,000, upon which the annual interest charge is about £12,250,000. The latter sum, of course, represents the proportion of the Colonial income which has to be remitted to London for the satisfaction of indebtedness. Colonial Government loans, payable only in London, account for about £201,000,000, while the other items of debt are composed of corporation stocks, share capital and debentures in squatting and mortgage companies, banking shares and deposits, and railways (other than Government), breweries, gas companies, &c. As an illustration of the marked appreciation which has taken place in Colonial Government securities during the past few years, it may be interesting to note that, on a comparison of Stock Exchange prices on June 1 this year with those of the corresponding period of 1893 there is a rise of about £21,500,000. Although this is highly satisfactory, yet it must be borne in mind that this substantial rise in values is attributable more to the existing monetary conditions of the Market on this side than to the enhanced value of Colonial credit.

THE PAST ACCOUNT.

There are but two outstanding features in the making-up prices for the end-July Settlement. The first of these is that there have been realisations in mining shares which, on the whole, have caused a decline in prices all round. There are exceptions, of course, but very few of them among South African shares. Australasian mining shares have kept fairly firm, in spite of all the realisations by speculators and actual holders on pleasure bent. The other feature is the startling decline in American Railroad shares. In the Market evidently there is a great distrust in the situation, which was summed up in our last week's "City Notes." While we are sorry for the "bulls" in American Rails who had such differences to pay at last week's Settlement, we cannot but think that an intelligent view of the situation might have saved them the losses for which they had to draw cheques. It is not merely a question of those securities, but the credit of the United States Government itself is in danger of being to some extent impaired by what is going on. Appended is a comparison of the making-up prices, on

July 13 and 28 respectively, of the Railroad securities most familiar to people on this side of the Atlantic—

| | July 13. | July 28. | Fall. |
|---|----------|----------|-------|
| Atchison Certificates | 14½ | 11½ | 2½ |
| Atchison Preference Stock | 20½ | 17 | 3½ |
| Atchison General Mortgage | 80½ | 75½ | 5 |
| Baltimore and Ohio and South-Western "A" | 27 | 25 | 2 |
| Central Pacific | 15½ | 14½ | 1½ |
| Milwaukee | 77½ | 71 | 6½ |
| Denver Preference | 48½ | 43½ | 5 |
| Denver Ordinary | 13½ | 12 | 1½ |
| Erie Preference | 34½ | 30 | 4½ |
| Illinois Central | 96 | 93½ | 2½ |
| Lake Shore | 152 | 144 | 8 |
| Louisville | 50½ | 46 | 4½ |
| New York Central | 99 | 94½ | 4½ |
| Ontario | 14½ | 12½ | 2 |
| Norfolk Preference | 12½ | 11 | 1½ |
| Northern Pacific Preference | 16½ | 12½ | 4 |
| Pennsylvania Shares | 54½ | 51½ | 3 |
| Reading First Income | 32 | 28½ | 3½ |
| Southern Railway Preference | 26 | 20½ | 5½ |
| Wabash "B" | 24½ | 22 | 2½ |

In the above table there are two cases in which the stock became ex-dividend at the mid-July account, and in these cases we have made allowance for the dividend in calculating the fall which has taken place.

LAGUNAS NITRATE.

At the meeting of this unfortunate company last week there was a pretty disturbance. The motto *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* did not find much favour, and there was a considerable amount of plain speaking about the part played in the formation and conduct of the company by the late Colonel North. Amidst the noise which prevailed during a great part of the meeting, one of the minority directors—that is to say, one of the original directors—was understood to take exception very emphatically to a remark of the Chairman, Mr. Henry W. Lowe, that in the prospectus the framers of it had been careful to conceal the fact that the late Colonel North shared to the extent of one-half in the "plunder" arising out of a certain contract with regard to the sale of the nitrate shipped. The Chairman stuck to his guns, and said he would justify the use of the word. We cannot but think, however, that it would have been in better taste, under the circumstances, to adopt some more polite term to describe the transaction. On the merits of the questions at issue we are, of course, precluded from commenting. But we may be allowed, without Contempt of Court, to remark that it does not seem a very dignified course of procedure on the part of the directors whose conduct is impugned, or on the part of their friends, to seek to influence the votes of the shareholders by suggesting to them that even if the case were won by the plaintiff company the benefit would only extend to original allottees. To judge from the proceedings at the meeting, and the circulars and speeches on both sides, there seems to be considerable bitterness of feeling, and it is, perhaps, after all, a good thing that these questions are to be threshed out in the comparatively calm atmosphere of the Law Courts. It was stated at the meeting that the company was making now a profit of some £80,000 per annum from nitrate and iodine together, and it would be an infinite pity for the shareholders if domestic dissensions led to any diminution of the earning power.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND LOAN.

It is somewhat unfortunate for the Government of Newfoundland that on the day when the prospectus appeared of their Conversion Loan there should also have been published some severe aspersions on the finances of this unfortunate Colony. It is quite true that the loan, if successful, will not increase the total indebtedness of the Colony, seeing that Currency Bonds for an equal amount are to be withdrawn and cancelled. But the cancellation of those bonds is, of course, dependent on the present loan going through successfully, and it was rather disquieting to read the telegram from the correspondent of the *Times* that—

The public accounts show that the surplus which was announced by the Government at the end of the financial year is largely fictitious, and is due to the employment of expedients hardly justified by honest financing. Fifteen months' customs receipts had been included in the yearly revenue, besides 50,000 dollars profit on coin imported.

The statement at the time of writing is without confirmation, and against it we have the explicit statement in the prospectus itself that—

the revenue of the Colony for the fiscal year ended June last was 1,563,462 dollars, and the expenditure, including interest on the Public Debt and all sinking fund charges, 1,352,684 dollars, leaving a surplus of 210,778 dollars.

Probably before these lines appear in print a satisfactory explanation will have been forthcoming, and we trust such will be the case.

Our West Australian correspondent sends us the following letter, from which it appears he is not in love with everything Colonial. Our readers must please remember that the post takes five weeks, and that the prices which our correspondent quotes were those ruling when he wrote, and not at the time we print his letter—

A LITTLE LOCAL BOOM.

For the past three or four weeks Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Coolgardie, and Kalgoorlie have been enjoying a boom on their own account. London might prefer to wait for results, but Australia meant getting in before the rush. And she has got in—up to her neck. I do not wish to say anything nasty or unpleasant about the Colonies, but even the most sanguine of Colonials must admit that a mining boom just now is singularly ill-timed: Adelaide, the most

plucky of all the speculating cities, has sunk most of her available capital in Western Australia; Melbourne and Sydney have not recovered from the collapse in land; while Perth never had much spare cash, and she needs all she has to nourish her growing home industries and keep her ever-increasing trade upon a solid basis.

As for Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, they are only mining camps, and not the home of the capitalist at all. They may dabble in low-priced stocks, but the sale of a thousand shares would shake Kalgoorlie to its centre. The miners on Hannan's Field have plenty of pluck, but they are not provident, and can hardly plunge heavily upon a wage of £3 10s. a-week, with "tucker" at present prices. Coolgardie has her own Stock Exchange, and brokers like Howard Taylor, who do a very big business and are rich men; but all this big business is done with Adelaide and London, and very little is attempted locally.

Yet we are to-day in the throes of a most remarkable mining boom, which, unless London takes a hand, seems doomed to die of inanition. London has found all the working capital for the mines in Western Australia, and, unless London decides that the time for a boom has arrived, the local spurt must "peter out." For it has not been conducted upon any sane lines at all. As an instance I will give Block 45, a mine at Hannan's in the Cressus crowd. An enterprising assayer discovered in the ore of this property "telluride."

Now telluride has for many years past gone by the name of the "Curse of Colorado." It is a most difficult ore to treat. Most elaborate smelting-works have been erected at Denver for the purpose of handling this most refractory combination, and the cost of reduction is enormous. The miner in Colorado who finds telluride is filled with despair. Therefore, one would have imagined that when a clever assayer like Mr. Moulden proved Block 45 to contain telluride ores the price of the shares would have fallen heavily. Had the mine been in Colorado this would certainly have happened. But at Hannan's they are all filled with a glorious enthusiasm. They had never had telluride ores to deal with, and they were so pleased with the novelty that they straightway put up the price of Block 45 to £5. They have since fallen to 65s., but at this ridiculously high price they remain comparatively firm. There are no smelting-furnaces capable of treating telluride nearer than Denver or Fribourg, but that is only a detail when a boom is on.

Another very amusing instance of boom prices is Boulder Main Reef, a London company with admittedly the Boulder Reef in its ground. This company's shares are quoted in London at 30s. to 40s., which is a pretty good price for a ten-shilling share. But it did not suit Hannan's speculators, who bought at £5 4s. Why, no one can say, because a London cable would have procured them as many shares as they wanted at less than half that figure.

Associated shares in London vary between 35s. and 45s., but they are boldly quoted in the Adelaide market at 70s. to 77s. 6d. Lake Views are here and in Adelaide £7 and higher. This may be accounted for by the remarkable deal just accomplished by the energetic and cute Mr. Kaufman, who told me a few days ago that the profit upon his *coup* amounted to £266,000, and that, in addition to this, he had secured the Lake View Mine for nothing. There were 80,000 shares in the Adelaide company; 60,000 of these Kaufman picked up very quietly at an average of 28s. each; total cost, £84,000. Then he offered to provide £30,000 working capital for the mine on this basis:—The capital of the company was to be raised to £240,000; two shares for one were to be given to the old shareholders; £30,000 to go for working capital, and £30,000 for Kaufman's trouble in the matter. The Adelaide shareholders naturally kicked, but, as they were in a minority, Kaufman carried his scheme. He and his friends will now hold 150,000 shares out of 240,000, and, as the present price is £7 and their shares only cost £84,000, one can easily see that the *coup* is the biggest ever brought off in Western Australia.

These big *coups* are never attempted out here. The people do not understand the system of finance so successfully adopted in South Africa, and very few people in Perth or Adelaide can see why Kaufman should have bothered to buy so many shares in Lake View when he might have bought a dozen new mines with the cash. Naturally Kaufman does not enlighten them; he is the only man on the fields who understands *la haute finance*, and I foresee that in the end he will eat up all the others. He certainly has no competition to fear. Representatives of other English corporations are content to go upon the old humdrum method of buying a prospect for a few thousands, and sending it home to be floated for a few hundred thousands. A pleasant-enough operation, but one which has its risks, and comes to an end sooner or later. Besides, it gives no scope for the heroes of finance. It is *bourgeois*, and lacks imagination.

But to resume the history of the boom. Two months ago Bank of England stood at 10s. To-day there are buyers at £7—why, no one knows. The mine is a good one, but no better than hundreds of others. Queensland Menzies, at the beginning of the year, lacked support at 5s. to 7s. 6d. They are now eagerly picked up at 40s. This company has just brought forth an offspring in the Lady Shenly, the 6d. paid shares of which stand at the absurd price of 6s. Both mines are rich, but have no mill or present means of earning dividends. Ivanhoes are at £7, Royal Mints 50s., and so on down the list. Almost everything has jumped from a few shillings and no buyers to a few pounds and eager purchasers. Not a day passes but some new "tip" is handed round, and everybody rushes in to buy. The gentlemen who do me the honour to shave me is full of "tips," and assured me that he had made £300 last week. Most of the shares dealt in are what is called "contributing," which means that they are not fully paid.

But this does not stop any impecunious person from buying thousands with a heavy liability hanging to them, because the law of "no liability" safeguards them; all companies are registered under this law, and unpaid calls cannot be recovered in a Court of Law. If a call is made upon any shares and the holder does not want to pay, he simply lets the shares go. They are then sold by auction, and if they fetch more than the price of the calls the holder is entitled to the balance. This puts a premium upon reckless gambling. The usual system is to make all shares five shillings and call up sixpence, so that the prices quoted in Adelaide and Perth represent in most cases premiums of many hundreds per cent. A boom conducted upon such lines cannot last, and unless London begins buying in earnest we may look for a speedy collapse. Few of the properties dealt in have any machinery on the ground; they are merely good prospects. As prospects they are most excellent—indeed, the trouble here is to find a reef which will not pay to work. But, as mines and going concerns, few of the shares are worth any consideration at all, and the boom will probably end in a fizzle. But while it lasts we are having great fun, and those who are inclined to plunge are making, for the moment, a great deal of money, which they will lose in a few hours when the crash comes.

The African letter which we hoped to give this week has not come to hand, but, in any event, we should have been obliged to hold it over for want of space.

THE "INVESTOR'S REVIEW."

Mr. Wilson's periodical is extremely interesting this month. The first article, on the Chicago Convention, is well worth reading by anyone who desires to get at the true inwardness of the American position, and we do not think the author takes a more unfavourable view than is

justified by the circumstances. The economic and financial notes are, as usual, both sarcastic and amusing, especially the one on Sir Charles Rivers Wilson and the Grand Trunk Railway; while the observations on Indian tea companies should be of use to all investors. We are pleased to see Mr. Wilson takes the same favourable view of the *Answers* report and balance-sheet as we had previously done in these columns, and it can be said generally that for people who have, or intend to have, a varied list of investments, the *Investor's Review* for August is sure to prove worth buying.

The following new ventures have come under our notice during the week. We give a brief opinion on each—

Lidstone, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Howe Cycle and Sewing-Machine Company, Limited.—We should not invest our own money in this concern, although it seems an honest company.

The West Australian (Gold District) Trading Corporation, Limited.—Very speculative.

The Australian Estates and Mortgage Company, Limited.—Considering the amount of first mortgage debentures in front of the "A" debentures now offered, we would not advise any reader to hold the latter.

Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Limited.—It looks to us as if the owners of this business were trying to get the public's money to trade with too cheap.

A. M. Peebles and Son, Limited.—First-class as an industrial investment.

Bayliss, Thomas, and Co., Limited.—As an industrial risk we think well of this company.

The American Dental Institute, Limited.—We should not take these debentures for our own money.

The Government of Newfoundland Four Per Cent. Stock.—Times have changed since this Colony was trying to borrow money here last. We think the issue price is quite high enough.

The Liverpool Lighterage Company, Limited.—A speculative investment.

Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company, Limited.—The "A" Mortgage Bonds appear well secured. We are not so sure of the "B" Bonds.

Friday, July 31, 1896.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and a *lopt* a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. von W.—We wrote to you fully on July 28. Have a little patience, and the moment things really begin to mend invest your spare cash.

D. G.—We do not think much of the mining company you name, but know no facts which will enable you to escape the payment of calls. Write to Mr. A. H. Barclay, mining broker, at Coolgardie, and offer to pay a reasonable fee for information.

A. SUBSCRIBER.—We have passed your letter on to the Editor. What on earth have amateur dramatic societies to do with financial matters?

BEGONIA.—You are not modest with your list of investments. To answer your letter properly would take about a column of our paper. (1) See our remarks last week as to the whole American position. These bonds are second-class. (2) First-class, the best thing in your list. (3, 4, 5, and 6) Second-rate, but you would not have got them at the prices named if it had not been so. (7) Good. (8 and 9) Reasonable industrial risks. We do not care for No. 8, because it is recommended by various touts. (10) We would not touch it. (11) Good. (12) Take your profit before the special settlement. (13) Very fair investment.

J. J. M.—We wrote you fully with list of investments on July 27.

ALPHA.—Peebles and Son is a very good concern, and if you get an allotment you may consider yourself lucky.

S. N.—We wrote you as to the cycle company on July 27.

A. M. T.—Your question was difficult to answer, but we did the best we could in our letter to you of July 30. We will let you know the result of further inquiries.

WIDOW.—(1) See answer to "Alpha." (2) We should say Imperial Continental Gas would suit you, or United States Brewery Debentures.

HIRO.—Your list is bad reading at present. Don't sell anything at the moment. You might buy a few more No. 5 to average, as we think the concern is a fine property.

ANNA.—See answer to "J. M." We think, if you are nervous, you had better clear your American Bonds, for they are likely to make you miserable from time to time, and it is better to be rid of things if you are made uncomfortable by holding.

J. M.—You cannot get 5 or 6 per cent. for money without risk. Buy (1) Imperial Continental Gas stock; (2) a few shares in C. Arthur Pearson, Limited—say fifty shares; (3) a few *Answers* pref. or ordinary; (4) United States Brewery debentures.

SINGER CYCLE.—(1) We are not sweet on the shares. (2) The Dunlop Company has not applied for a settlement yet, but we expect it will be about the end of August or beginning of September.